

# The TATLER

Vol. CLIII. No. 1991.

London  
August 23, 1939



REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER FOR  
TRANSMISSION IN THE  
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**THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, 32, ST. BRIDE ST., LONDON, E.C.4**

# The TATTLER

Vol. CLIII. No. 1991. London, August 23, 1939

POSTAGE: Inland 1½d.; Canada and  
Newfoundland 1½d.; Foreign 3d. Price One Shilling



Angus McBean

## PEGGY ASHCROFT AND GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES IN "THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST"

Last week's big theatrical event was the revival at the Globe Theatre, for a six weeks' run, of Oscar Wilde's ageless comedy, played in its period with brilliant effect by a brilliant company. Peggy Ashcroft is Cecily Cardew, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies plays the Hon. Gwendolen Fairfax, and John Gielgud, Edith Evans and Margaret Rutherford are in the parts they played when eight *matinée* performances were given at this theatre in the early spring. *The Importance of Being Earnest* was first produced in 1895. This is the seventh revival





TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS AT CHATSWORTH

Celebrations in honour of the coming of age of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire's elder son, Lord Hartington, postponed from last December, were in full spate at Chatsworth last week and included a garden party at which there were well over 2,000 guests. Above are three family members of the house party, Mr. Henry and Lady Anne Hunloke, brother-in-law and sister of the Duke of Devonshire, and their nephew, Lord Andrew Cavendish, Lord Hartington's brother who was born in 1920

"The Rage of Pow'r, the blast of Public Breath,  
The Lust of Lucre, and the Dread of Death."—Pope.

THAT pretty well sums up our troubles, *n'est-ce-pas* toto? I see in one of the Public Breaths, or blats, as Runyon calls the daily ration of newsprint and nonsense, that Lord Hewart has taken Homer and Horace to read during his South African holiday. I doubt if even the Lord Chief Justice would have enough concentration to con the classics on the *Plage Privée* at Deauville, which is where I am sitting with one eye on some couplets by the superb misanthrope quoted above, the other on the fashionable cyclamen clouds which are likely to empty themselves upon our expensive but far from waterproof tents at any moment. It rained and rained, yet the worse the weather the bigger the crowd in the Casino, hence the smile on the face of M. André who is having a superb season here and at La Baule (the latter resort is run by his wife), partly thanks to the crisis. All the villas are taken because Deauville has been proved an excellent place to spend a war in. The food is unequalled, the beds are good, the Norman hinterland is lush, and no



THIS IS THE HAPPY ANGLER, THIS IS SHE

Miss Betty Llewellyn, M.F.H., Sir David Llewellyn's daughter, with the eight salmon she killed in Ashford Bend pool, River Usk, one happy day last week. Until recent rains, this season has been one of the worst on record and many a fisherman with a series of blank days behind him will envy this young lady's luck, but not begrudge it, for anglers are not built that way. Miss Llewellyn, who is joint-Master with her brother of the Talybont, had never caught a salmon at all until a month ago; now her total is twenty. Felicitations!

## And the World Said—



Miss Compton Collier

LADY FARQUHAR AND MICHAEL

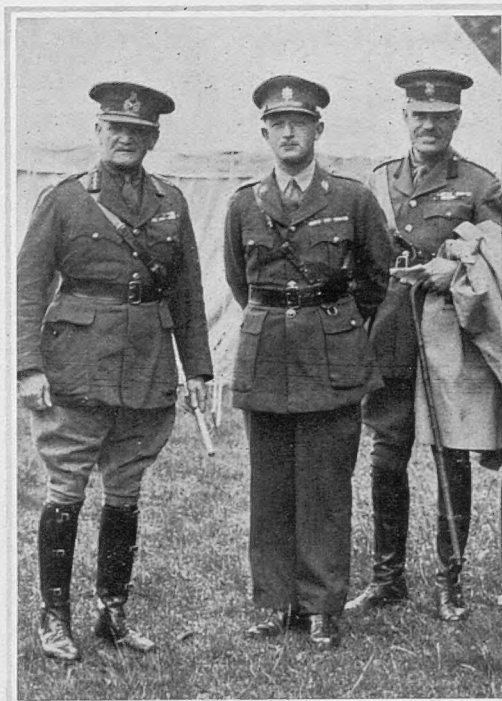
Sir Peter Farquhar's wife and son with a third member of the household in the garden at Shaw House, near Newbury, where Michael, who was one in June, finds endless amusement. Lady Farquhar is Derbyshire born, being the daughter of the late Mr. Francis Hurt, of Alderwasley. Her husband is a former joint-Master and Huntsman of the Tedworth, the Meynell and the Whaddon Chase

one is going to spare a bomb for this agricultural and fishy outpost. Even if Le Havre was raided, the coast from Trouville to La Baule would be as safe as from San Francisco to Los Angeles, without the fash of crossing the world, and you could get back to England, if you felt you oughter, by crossing the Channel overnight. This line of argument, plus the Parisian tradition that wars are well spent in Deauville, which boomed during the last abortive effort to fix the Hun, is contributing to the season's turnover. M. Jean Couturié, who breeds his own horses, Mr. Widener's and Lord Derby's, remarked that there were as many English at the Bank Holiday gala as normally come for the Grand Prix at the end of the month, which observation he had to repeat *à haute voix* because Maurice Winnick's band was taking the roof off, a prerogative usually reserved for the fireworks



but the Ambassadeurs is a difficult room to play in, and most people's gala dinner conversation is better drowned. Not so Madame Couturié's. This delightful lady, who uses no make-up and needs none, is half-French, half-American, and perfectly bi-lingual. She knows so much about horses that the fraternity go round the paddock whispering "Elizabeth says," and you can depend that what she says is founded on expert deduction, plus horse sense, but sometimes the best horses shake their heads and get beat, at which point "Uncle" Berry Wall exclaims: "If all the horses I backed had Jewish noses I'd be a millionaire by now." The Couturiés are going to Ireland after Deauville, to collect their little daughters, and so to Doncaster to see Pharis fight it out with Blue Peter. What a Leger! The Wideners, who left on the *Normandie*, are greatly missed. "Gertie" has sweetness plus what Americans call class and her father-in-law is a great American gentleman, I have yet to meet a "big" American who gives himself airs, or loses touch with the common herd. In the States success seems to make a man more human, and ever ready to bless his stars, be his millions made or inherited, while in England the new rich are often bumptious and almost always self-conscious, climbing for all they are worth, collecting free-mealers and forgetting friends of humbler years. Exceptions which leap to mind include Lord Beaverbrook who is too clever and impatient to waste energy on social driftwood; Sir "Willie" McClintock who loves to gather his old cronies about him; Mr. W. L. Stephenson who prefers the company of his wife, children and grandchildren to all others; and Lord Nuffield who has not used philanthropy as a step to social aggrandizement. An American-born hostess who, because she dearly loves her husband and appreciates the possibilities of home life, has avoided becoming a party-bound bore, is in Deauville, namely Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston—"Betty" to two continents and to the younger members of the Royal family. Her daughter, Mrs. Grant Mason, wife of the young man who made Pan-American Airways—his career combines aviation and diplomacy—is on a flying visit from Washington with Mrs. "Jock" Whitney, the lovely "Liz" Altemus as was. These young matrons landed in England, stayed at Mrs. Ruth Wardell's doll's house

which Mrs. "Foxey" Gwynne occupied earlier this year, saw something of the Brownlows, touched down at Deauville, went to Warsaw to stay with the "Tony" Biddles (who are as popular there as they were when he was U.S. Minister in Oslo), sped about Central Europe, doubled back to



Truman Howell

THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL  
T.A. AT TIDWORTH

Lieutenant-General Sir Douglas Brownrigg, who succeeded General Sir Walter Kirke as Director-General of the Territorial Army this spring, recently paid a visit to the Southern Command, and is seen here with Lieutenant-Colonel L. R. Kettle, M.F.H. (joint, Ledbury) and Brigadier-General J. M. Hamilton (right), who commands the 144th Infantry Brigade (T.A.). Lieutenant-Colonel Kettle is O.C. of a newly raised Territorial unit, the 10th Battalion Worcester-shire Regiment

Dublin for the Horse Show (Mrs. Whitney being a magnificent performer in the hunting field), and when you read this are due in Deauville again at La Ferme du Coteau, the Strassburger house which overlooks Cheri's where the horses are sold. You can roll an apple from its dining-room windows to the racecourse; a game at which Sir Humphrey de Trafford (whose brother Rudolph and his new American-born wife have

#### ENGLAND'S GREATEST ACTRESS

Dame Marie Tempest with her two West Highlanders, Bo and Fanny, who never let her out of their sight if they can help it. This very famous stage figure, whose genius stands out today as brilliantly as it ever did, had a short holiday from playing lead for some ten months in *Dear Octopus*, but is now back at the Queen's Theatre, to London's great advantage

moved into the Lawson-Johnstons' Cadogan Place house, scene of so many little dinners for the Duke and Duchess of Kent) excels, as he does at everything he undertakes. Sir Humphrey was in Deauville and will be back, as will the Gerald Wellesleys, who are good friends with the French racing crowd, including the dapper Marquis de Saint-Sauveur (noted dancing with Mrs. Julie Thompson, whose horizontally striped muslin was the only summer we saw before August 10), the aforementioned Jean Couturiés, that charming and well-dressed "shot" Comte de Chavagnac, and the ever-lovely Madame Robert Revel, who is wearing the same maize-coloured wool coat at the races as Senora Eduardo Martinez de Hoz, another great beauty. Of the new Parisian beauties at Deauville, Madame César Chamay, who is American-born, and Madame Daniel Dreyfus, who was Russian-born, provide contrasting types; the former, whose car crash escape is the talk of the *plage*, looks amazingly like Lady Bridport, our frontispiece two weeks ago. The Chamays,



Sasha



ON LORD GLASGOW'S KNOCKENDON MOOR

The Hon. James Boyle and his sister, Lady Hersey Boyle, younger son and second daughter of Lord and Lady Glasgow, waiting for Ayrshire grouse near Fairlie. Being Lieutenant R.N., Lord Kelburn, elder son of the house, was otherwise engaged



## And the World said—*continued*

the Gerald Wellesleys, the David Walker-Heneages and the Ralph Delmé-Radcliffes shared a table in the paddock on the Sunday when it only rained once. Mrs. Heneage is the most unaffected beauty in England today, though some admire Mrs. Mark Pilkington even more. Mrs. Wellesley is as sweet as she is pretty, and South-African-born "Libby" Delmé-Radcliffe as chic as she is good company, so it was not surprising that a great many stopped by this group to pass the time of day, including the Dudley Gilroys ("Frankie" has founded a new girls' club without a clubhouse) and the Alan Stanleys, seen later at Ciro's dining with Jack Clayton who received paper pellets and a plate of flowers surrounded by lumps of sugar (definitely a Dali composition) from *les chaps* Brian Reynolds and Adam Hamilton, via the *commis*. Ciro's is tops this year with fantastically good food, especially the meat, which needs no mustard, sauce or words from me.

The Macdonald-Buchanans were dining there, she very reserved and Scotch-looking with her clear pale complexion and reddish hair. Day-dress dinners are mostly at Béquet's where Lady Stanley goes because it is so quiet and she is in mourning. "Charlie" Munn (gone with the Winn); "Charlie" Winn, Dick Owen, Julie Thompson, and Lady Stanley were there on the Wideners' last night. It was the first time the lady known as "Portia" had been seen anywhere except the golf course. Lady Abingdon has been staying up at the Golf and staying away from the races to the disappointment of those who admire her unique Stuart-Wortley looks. She patronizes the fish place at Trouville which is also the favourite eating ground of Mr. "Cardie" Montagu. Yes, they are all here, or will be, or have been, including Lady Mary Dunn of the sunray smile, whose father, Lord Rosslyn's death marks the end of a carefree era. She was a brief weekender just before his death. The Dufferins stayed longer on Lord Camrose's *Sona*. His daughter, Lady Birkenhead, sat on the sands with good-humoured Lady Dufferin. They were all together at a gala. Lady Camrose in simple blacks was not too *blasée* to applaud the cabaret, but Lord Dufferin hung his head in a characteristic attitude as if the problems of democracy had settled on the nape of his neck. An enormous party, very much more *en vue*, was given by Lord Camrose's brother, whose wife, the former Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys, glittered with jewels. The present Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys, who prefers *partis carrés* and going out *à deux* with her husband, was dancing in the best of many enviable dresses, a painted *ciré* taffeta, with a tiny bodice and a huge skirt. Contrary to expectations these picture dresses are showing again in the autumn collections, with mock bustle skirts and a three-tier tunic line as evening alternatives. Lord Kemsley, who had the Duchess of Westminster on his gala right, and a boatload of titled youth including attractive Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill (who is looking rather fine-drawn after her first season) was keeping himself to himself after his Berchtesgaden reception, according to some old friends who received a gracious wave from "Gomer," but no invitation to come up and see him sometime on *Princess*. Lord Kemsley's manner to humble members of his profession does not resemble their Majesties' good comradeship with the Press. But perhaps the Berchtesgaden brand of *hauteur* is catching. I am sorry to read that Lady Dunedin did not meet the *Führer*. She is a blue stocking but worldly wise, with no axe to grind, and plenty of steely Scots resistance to hypnotic influence. "Oor Jean," speaking good German, would have had that advantage over most of the important English who have seen Herr Hitler, including Mr. Chamberlain. However, we will not go back on the crisis because in Deauville there is no such thing. Instead we have the weather and lunch parties

at the Aga's (who says the Aly's cook is not as good as his own!) and laughter on the *Planches*, where plump and cheerful Mr. Henry Spurrier of Leyland Motors takes an *apéritif* at the Bar du Soleil as opposed to the Bar du Crise where the drinks are some francs less. Others sighted—Mr. Ian Fleming; a bunch of Iliffes; Lord Vaughan escorting a bunch of young Berrys, all dressed in yachting rig; Mr. "Ted" Esmond (now reigning over North Berwick); Mr. Reginald Purbrick; Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson; the Charles Woods with the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk (her youthful Grace at the big table); Lady Kathleen Rollo whose attractive daughter Primula has had an unlucky summer with appendicitis and no parties; the Timothy Macaulays whose Sheila may prove the pick of 1940's débutantes as she already looks very like her handsome Canadian-born mother; the Peter Pleydell-Bouveries, she playing at the Casino with rings on her small, plump hands, and Mr. Peter Beatty who gets up to play golf at an hour when most Casinoites are in their

first sleep. Honeymooners have included the Frank Covells on Sir Harold Eowden's yacht, and the Charles Tryons. The former "Dreda" Burrell took a liking to Deauville when she came over on the "Johnny" Muskens' boat, a year or two ago, and once you fall for this high standard of living the tendency is to return at the earliest opportunity.

\* \* \*

A more romantic honeymoon setting is Bucharest, which if it wasn't so far away would have more enthusiastic English visitors. As it is King Carol's visitors include Lord and Lady Gage who were in Deauville for the Bank Holiday, and Lord and Lady Birkenhead to whom the same applies. Mr. Duff Cooper and Lady Diana have also been invited and the party from England is likely to be considerably augmented. For what to expect in those far parts I refer you to Derek Patmore's "Invitation to Rumania" and to Sacheverell Sitwell's "Rumanian Journey" which are both dedicated to Princess Anne Marie Callimachi, a remarkable woman who fills her town house in Bucharest and her country house at Manesti with interesting internationals. This summer's guests included Sir Charles McCann's "Billy," that good looking, exceedingly-musical Australian who works in London and is a citizen of the world. Mrs. Luce, who wrote "The Women," was in Bucharest too, but not long enough to mix in Rumanian Society which is pre-War in exclusiveness and has a touch of Tsarist Russia in its opulence.

\* \* \*

The hills round Exford were shrouded in dense mist the day of Exford Show, where there were great classes for Exmoor ponies, all looking in wonderful condition. Lady Fortescue, who came with her family, presented silver cups to the winners. In the local hunter

classes the prizes, besides the customary cash, were horns, presented by Mrs. Hancock, wife of the Devon and Somerset Master. A somewhat difficult trophy to carry on a horse. The feat was only attempted by one winner. Lord and Lady Bayford brought their younger daughter, Mrs. Hartman (Lord Bayford is a former Master of the Devon and Somerset). Mr. Guy Jackson, M.F.H. (joint, with Mrs. J. P. Arkwright) the North Warwickshire and a regular summer visitor to Exmoor; Mr. Jack Lethbridge, M.F.H. Eggesford, and Mr. Percival Williams, M.F.H. Four Burrow judged the young hunters. And a polo contingent came from Minehead. The diversion of the afternoon was the pony who, tied to a wooden hurdle, succeeded in pulling it away and charged through the ring-side motor cars, complete with flying hurdle, scattering people in all directions. No one was hurt, least of all the pony, but one swell car had its face badly scratched.

\* \* \*

A slip of my typewriter. . . . The cocktail party in Goodwood week, at which I saw the Shopwycke house party, was at the Macdougalls, not the Abbays



Poole, Dublin

### AT THE LOUTH HUNT BALL

The Hon. Robert Preston, brother of Viscount Gormanston, the Premier Viscount of Ireland, with Miss Cynthia Westenra, a daughter of the Hon. Richard Westenra and niece of Lord Rossmore, at one of the big shows staged at the Gresham in Dublin at Horse Show time. Miss Westenra has another distinguished relative in the Hon. Lady Bailey, as famous in flying circles as her husband, Sir Abe Bailey, is on the Turf. The Louth Hunt Ball is in many ways the most important social event of the year in Ireland and for the past few years has been held during Horse Show week when everybody who is anybody is in Dublin

More pictures of Louth Hunt Ball in next week's issue



# BEMBRIDGE AHOY! —THE RECENT REGATTA



MAKING ALL SNUG: MISS PAMELA ISMAY AND MISS FELICITY PARDOE  
(ON RIGHT) LADY HAMOND-GRAEME AND SIR HUGH DAWSON



MISS PATRICIA LOWRY-CORRY  
AND THE HON. MRS. JOHN BARRAN



MISS ELIZABETH CAMPBELL AND MISS SHELAGH MORRISON-BELL. (BELOW, L. TO R.)  
MR. ANTHONY TURNER, MISS MOLLY DUPREE, MISS ANN BAXENDALE, LADY VIOLA  
DUNDAS, MISS CYNTHIA TURNER AND MR. WILLIAM DUPREE

Bembridge, that very pleasant spot in the Wight, has been, and still is, packed with those who think that there is nothing that can beat a life on the ocean main. Many admirals, including the former Commander-in-Chief of Portsmouth, Lord Cork and Orrery, Ministers out of and still in harness (Major Anthony Eden amongst the former) and rows and rows of other people who go to make up the floating population. Amongst those present in the bottom picture are Sir Clive and the Hon. Lady Morrison-Bell's elder daughter, Shelagh and Lady Viola Dundas, the eldest of Lord and Lady Zetland's daughters. The Hon. Mrs. John Barran was accompanied by her mother, Lady Ruthven, and was snapped by the glad sea waves with another enthusiast, Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry. Miss Pamela Ismay was under escort of her mother, Mrs. James Ismay, and Lady Hamond-Graeme is with Sir Hugh Dawson, who married a daughter of the late Sir Frederick Halliday, who was a celebrity of the Indian Police





# THE CINEMA

By JAMES AGATE

## Tottering Reason

PERHAPS I will some day see a film that seems to me madder than the current *It's A Wonderful World* at the Empire. But I hope it will be a long time hence. What is the matter now with Hollywood that, not content with *being* what it calls "screwball" it now sets out to pretend to be "screwball"? This particular example set me at one and the same time rubbing my eyes, shaking my ears, and holding on to the top of my head as Tschaikowsky, they tell me, used to do when conducting his more passionate enterprises! Understand me here. I don't in the least mind a film or a play being deliberate fantasy—that is to say, setting out on the cracked plane and keeping there. But films like *It's A Wonderful World* jump from rhyme to unreason, and from unreason to a kind of mad prose. Its heroine, in point of fact, is a crackbrained poetess, played by Claudette Colbert. She is capable of stuff like this:

The night was dressed in silver ribbons,

With a big silver moon in her hair! and she rhapsodizes in this manner to the young detective who looks like a runaway murderer and who kidnaps her in his car. This hardly less irresponsible creature is played by James Stewart. And, remembering Colbert in *It Happened One Night* and Stewart in the re-issue of *Seventh Heaven*, you would hardly believe, unless your tastes and constitution differ wildly from mine, how little of charm these two pleasurable artistes are able to put into this new medium. It is altogether too mad a film: you might better call it *The Dish ran away with the Spoon*. Apart from being mad, it is unintelligible. I was unable to tell who committed the murder in the outset, and who was murdered. There was a guy who staggered into the death chamber in a state which he himself described as "snoozled." But whether he shot the man who seemed already to have been shot, or whether the culprit was the victim's rich wife, or whether the young detective was really a gangster after all, nowhere seemed to me to matter or in the end to be resolved. The point was rather the kidnapping which occurred when the detective was engaged in a pursuit which may equally well have been a retreat. She was a wandering young woman, rich in quotations from her own rhymed writings, and with a ceaselessly exasperating habit of saying: "I swear by my eyes!" Not even Miss Colbert's starry orbs could make this imbecility acceptable.

But it was not so much this actress's glance as her smile which was in evidence. Half of this picture happened in moonlight and starlight, wherein all you could see of Colbert was her grin, especially during an elaborate episode when she was stranded up a tree. Hereabouts her grin kept coming and going in the most remarkable way. But I was not surprised at this; I was getting so used to queer things happening. While I was looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again and asked me what became of the baby. I replied that it turned into a pig. "Did you say pig or fig?" said the Grin. "I said pig," I replied, "and I wish you wouldn't keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly; you make one quite giddy!" It then vanished quite slowly, but the Grin remained some time after the rest of the body had gone. I've often seen a film star without a smile, but a smile without a film star! It's the most

curious thing I ever saw in all my life. It is a still more curious film which can so completely identify me with Alice in Wonderland and that delightful kitten, Claudette Colbert with Lewis Carroll's Cheshire Cat! There is, too, a long sequence, unintelligible to us, about the subtle differences of the accents of Alabama and Louisiana. I strongly suspect that the whole business of this film is perfectly delightful nonsense in the United States and should no more have been brought over here than, say, Mr. Priestley's *When We Are Married* should be filmed and shown in Wisconsin and Connecticut. All the same, the rest of the programme at the Empire did not bring much comfort. There was a comedy, which the programme hideously called a "featurette," in which a married couple went into the country to take a house said to be surrounded with peanuts. The peanuts were undiscoverable, until the wife discovered that these vegetables grew underground in the manner of Jerusalem artichokes or mere potatoes! This was so

stupid that I saw all the couples in my vicinity merely staring at one another in a blank, incredulous surmise. There followed a cartoon in colour with the title *Art Gallery* whose only discernible point was that a statue of Nero fiddling tried to set fire to a picture called "Rome" and had to burn every other picture in the gallery to get at his object. The seascapes and riverscapes tended to put out the fire, but "Rome" was consumed in the end. This made most of the gasping couples get up and go! And I myself only waited on, with an expression which must have looked like a Groan made visible, because the next item was my old friend, Robert Benchley, in a lecture entitled *How To Eat*. This was entirely delightful, logical, observant, and sane fooling. Almost the worst of all the destroyers of appetite, says Bob Benchley, is the person who sits in the opposite chair in a railway dining car and frowns hard on all you do. We see B. B. faced with such a one, and we see him ruining his appetite for lunch through picking at viands in the kitchen beforehand, and we see him faced with a dinner made savourless by the fact that he may have to make a speech thereafter! The crowning irony is that the chairman does not call on him. All this is delicious, but far too short for all that has preceded the tiny oasis.

With the gloomiest foreboding as to what is now going to happen to Hollywood, I stumbled out of the Empire as out of a padded cell, and groped my way into the London

Pavilion where I was immediately brought face to face with a film called *Blind Alley* which is all about a hardened murderer who dreams about being pursued by storms of ruin, sheltering under a leaky umbrella, and closed in by iron bars.

Fleeing from justice with some fellow gangsters and a moll, this nightmare-haunted killer holds up the house party of a psychiatrist who lives beside a lonely lake. The gangsters must wait till dawn for a boat which is to save them. They murder one of the guests and terrorize the rest. All but the psychiatrist, who reads the mind of the killer and gradually persuades him to understand that his delusions may be explained by the fact the iron bars which seep into his conscious mind from the subconscious while he is asleep are policemen's legs, that the rain is blood, and that the leaky umbrella is a table under which he hid while a boy after killing his own father, when the blood came dripping through a crack in the table.

This may all sound very far fetched. But it makes one of the very best attempts at a genuinely psychological thriller which I have ever seen. It is serious and legitimate. It held me completely throughout, largely because of the continuous sincerity of Ralph Bellamy as the psychiatrist and the sheer acting ability of Chester Morris as the murderer. This last is a fine film player if ever I saw one. His eyelids act better than the whole of most men-star's faces.



JANE BAXTER IN "THE CHINESE BUNGALOW"

For the third time in history Matheson Lang's immensely successful play *The Chinese Bungalow*, is being made into a film. The latest version, which will have Paul Lukas following in Matheson Lang's footsteps as the merchant Yuan Sing, is now in the Beaconsfield cutting rooms. Jane Baxter, who has gone from strength to strength on stage and films between her first rôle as Red Indian in *Peter Pan*, and her most recent as Lady Ware in that very thrilling film *The Ware Case*, will have the feminine lead



## A DEAUVILLE SPORTS BULLETIN



RACING HONEYMOON. MR.  
AND MRS. C. G. TRYON



MRS. E. H. TATTERSALL  
AND MR. JOHN REDFERN



BARON DE GUNZBOURG  
AND LADY CLAUD HAMILTON



MR. AND MRS. TIMOTHY A. MACAULAY  
AND (CENTRE) MRS. PETER WIDENER



M. AND MME. CESAR CHAMAY AND  
CAPTAIN AND MRS. GERALD WELLESLEY



MLLE. DE DAMPIERRE  
AND MR. HERMAN HUFFER

Though this little picture gallery has mainly to do with horse-racing on that nice little course they have at Deauville, there are a good many other distractions and attractions—the Casino, the polo, which our General Willie Anderson is running so well, and there is a harbour full of yachts. As to a catalogue of celebs: Mr. Tryon with bride, formerly Miss Dreda Burrell, daughter of Sir Merrik, is a son of the Postmaster-General, Major G. C. Tryon, and they are on the first stage of their honeymoon, and Mrs. Bunny Tattersall, wife of a very gallant husband, is basking in the sun with the fortunate owner of a very nice boat on the Frome. Lady Claud Hamilton, sister-in-law of the Duke of Abercorn, came all the way from Brioni to stay with the De Gunzbours, and Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Macaulay, with an attractive wearer of an all-white ensemble, are as well known in England as they are in their own land, Canada. They are staying as usual in the Benjy Guinnesses' château, which is adjacent to Deauville. M. and Madame Chamay own racehorses, and with them are two other people who rarely miss a Deauville season. Mrs. Gerald Wellesley and Mme. Chamay are both American by birth. Mlle. de Dampierre, who is with Mr. Huffer, chamberlain to the late Pope, is a keen yachtswoman and has been sailing in the Deauville Regatta



# Racing Ragout

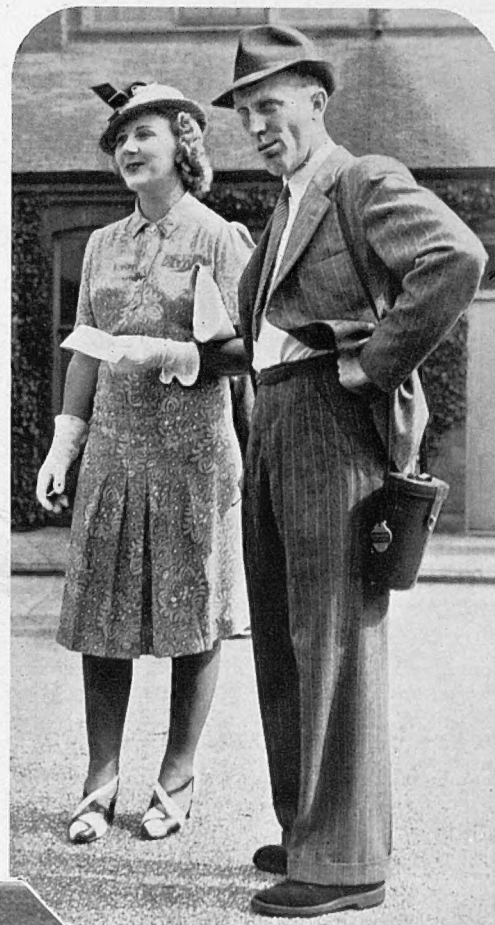
By "GUARDRAIL"

NOTHING, so I am assured by the oldest inhabitants, has changed so much on racecourses, as the types that frequent them. Women I am told are so different (and where is the woman who has not been told at some time or another by a lovesick bromide, that she is "so different") from those of fifty years ago. For these gentle creatures with their girths drawn within an inch of their lives and a parasol over their heads the business was an equine garden party and rather fashionable. As regards anything to do with the horses racing or betting they were absolutely "blah," and left it to their hirsute escorts to select and back winners for them. Backing a loser for them was considered bad form in the worst possible taste and the swain paid up and never mentioned it. Nowadays women racegoers, who are as "regular" as men, fall roughly into two categories united by the single resolve to regard payment for admission to a racecourse as nothing short of an insult. Whereas a man will, perhaps not cheerfully, pay for admission to a place like Ally Pally enough to keep a working-class family for a week, a woman would sooner not go racing at all than pay £1. She will put through thirty shillingsworth of personal calls to her harassed racegoing men friends to borrow a badge, and another half-dollar for the taxi that brings it, but pay—never! It has never been satisfactorily explained why a misogynist should have to pay twelve guineas to be a member of a course, while two women should be thrown in free for the same money.

The two types then, the "go-getting grafter" and the "clinging asker," are indistinguishable in costume, since the latter dresses as far as possible to look like the former. The grafter cultivates a charm and camaraderie which she hands out in great lumps to owners and trainers who have runners on that day, as also to the professional backers and commission agents who do their business for them. Before racing she will go and have a word or two with the "books" to whom she owes money to keep them supple, and a long chat with the one she keeps paid up who tells her the strength of the market, lays her a shade over the odds, sends scent to her at Christmas and marks her card. She works out the form, watches the market, sends her friends to tout any one she doesn't know herself and is about as well informed by flagfall as any one on the course. Were it not for her incorrigible habit of "going for the gloves" on a short-priced one when she is losing, she'd have a better chance than the next man.

The "clinging asker" is of an entirely different mould. She has to be taken to the course, but starts so late that they miss the first race, usually the easiest betting race of the day. She has to be given a drink during the betting on the second race, when she produces sheaves of midday papers and wants to know what to back in all six races at the other meeting. Shall she back them each way? Will Tote prices be best, and what about the daily double? What are you going to back in the second race? Why? What are you going to have on? Have you asked anybody about it? What about so and so, they're all here? If you can lumber her on to the "grafter" she will follow her round like "foal at foot," without an idea of her own in her head, making fabulous suggestions. The net result will be that she will have two pounds each way on six horses in one race, in such a way that if there is a triple dead heat she may come out all square, but in any other eventuality she must lose. By the fifth race she will be losing about fifty pounds and running round in circles telling everybody they must get her out. She has got three Tote

double tickets and wants to know three horses which not only have good chances, but will also start at very long prices. This effort is foredoomed to failure and there remains only the last race, a contest confined to horses four-year-old and upwards which have never been placed, ridden by apprentices who haven't ridden more than three winners.



AMONGST THOSE AT NOTTINGHAM LAST WEEK

Two serious students, to wit, Miss Cecily Frazer and an expert, George Archibald, the famous steeplechase jockey who rode Miss Dorothy Paget's Kilstar in this year's Grand National. The horse started favourite but finished a bad third to Workman and Macmoffatt



BEAUTY AT ROYAL WINDSOR

Two adornments in the pretty paddock of a quite inadequate racecourse. Miss Jeanne Stuart the well-known young stage actress who has also done much work in English films, and Miss E. Atherton both busily studying their race cards, with, let us hope, resulting success. With fair fields, fair weather and good going the two-day meeting had everything in its favour

The "grafter" has by this time got into her car and made for home before the crush, but the "clinger" doesn't need to ask about this race. She boldly lays £100 to £50 on the favourite; an animal which has been elevated to that position through no merit of its own; and sees it finish last. Half-way to the car she has left her race-glasses in the Ladies and her bag in the bar. She doesn't know where to meet her chauffeur and winds her way back to London at four miles an hour in the queue.

Nevertheless, she'll be there again next day asking everybody to get her out, and pursuing exactly the same tactics to get herself further in. The "clinger" is a race which is dying of neglect.

THE BELGIAN COAST. What does the Belgian coast offer to the British holiday maker this year? It offers first of all a friendly and smiling welcome from six hundred hotels and boarding houses along the whole of its forty miles of golden sands. A district where the word "crisis" is never heard and where instead of "jitters" the fine tonic air of the North Sea engenders a fitness of mind and body that has no room for such forebodings. There are no "A.R.P." activities, and the motto is "business as usual"—the business being holiday-making par excellence.

It must not be forgotten that, with the £ worth 25s., the cost of living in Belgium is the cheapest on the Continent.

Art lovers will wish to see the Memlinc Exhibition of paintings gathered together at Bruges until October 1, to celebrate the fifth centenary of the famous artist.



## A DUBLIN BALL IN AID OF THE BLIND



MISS ROLLINE McMURROUGH KAVANAGH, LORD KILDARE, M.F.H.,  
AND MISS ANTHEA GORDON



MR. A. C. FANE, M.F.H. (DUHALLOW), AND  
LIEUT.-COL. AND MRS. ANDREW KNOWLES



THE HON. JOHN AND MRS. BETHELL



LADY LOUTH AND  
LORD ANNESLEY



MISS JEAN COBBOLD AND MR. PETER TOWERS CLARK



MR. R. HOARE, M.F.H., AND MISS MALISE WILSON



Photos: Poole, Dublin

SIR GEORGE AND LADY MAHON

This annual ball in aid of a cause which naturally makes a first appeal to everyone, was held at the Gresham, the favourite battle-ground for most of the festivities after dinner during Dublin Horse Show week. It is pleasant to learn that it was a terrific success, and as may be observed, the hunting world of Ireland and elsewhere was not backward in coming forward in support. Lord Kildare, the Duke of Leinster's son, is "joint" of the North Kilkenny, his partner being Miss G. Denys, formerly joint M.F.H. the Queen's County. Lady Kildare has recently presented her husband with a daughter (August 4). Miss McMurrrough Kavanagh, who is in the same picture, is Lord Kildare's sister-in-law. Mr. Fane, who is joint-Master, of the Duhallow has a new partner for the coming season, Mr. Lennox Livingstone-Learmonth. Colonel Knowles was formerly in the Greys. Lord Bethell's son and heir and charming wife were "shot" supping *à deux*. Lady Louth is the former Lady Prichard-Jones, and she and her husband are as popular in Meath as they are in their own county. Another supporting M.F.H. was Mr. Robert Hoare, who succeeded Colonel Oliver Birkbeck in that fine country to cross West Norfolk. Miss Wilson, who is with him, is a cousin of Lord Nunburnholme. Lady Mahon, seen with famous banking husband (Guinness Mahon and Co.), is a daughter of the great physician, the late Dr. Walter Jagger, who had the honour of assisting to bring Princess Elizabeth into the world.



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



Bassano

MISS GLADYS STOREY, AUTHORESS OF  
"DICKENS AND DAUGHTER"

This book can claim to be a publishing event of the season and will be devoured by all Dickens students. It gives so many new facts from the private-life side. Miss Storey recently made a spirited bidding against Mr. P. H. Rosenbach, of the U.S.A., for the MS. of Dickens' "Life of Our Lord." If she had succeeded she would have presented it to the British Museum

such a tragic pass. On the other hand, are we for years and years to go on and on piling up more and more armaments, devoting our leisure to A.R.P., being fed daily on scares and rumours of imminent war; never to be able to plan some little peaceful, happy period, since the future forbids only the more forlorn hopes? Are we to become more and more impoverished because the international tension never lessens? Is nothing which makes life full of happiness and meaning to be safe any more? Are we always going to live on the verge of an international crisis or in the midst of one? Will the Western civilisation build no longer anything more beautiful than bombing aeroplanes? And is the best we can hope for in the future merely a period of comparative peacefulness in which thousands of millions'-worth of guns, ammunition, and other warlike paraphernalia gradually, and metaphorically speaking, become covered by moss? So that, as it were, the whole of Western civilisation lives behind an impregnable fortress—completely bankrupt! What a future! Infinitely better, of course, than if these colossal preparations for war fulfilled their object—which is death.

On the other hand, if any of us could but see some small glimmer of a return to the real purposes of human life, we could endure the present darkness with a greater philosophy. But none of us at the moment sees such a glimpse of finer things. It is not that many of us have the "jitters." It is that we are gradually losing hope. And a life without hope is a life without purpose; a silly, troublous and meaningless thing. For whatever the future may hold in store for us, it's going to be a dark and treacherous period in Time. Still, anything is better to hang on to perpetually than a door leading to an air-raid shelter. Perhaps, one day, the human

## A Good Peace-Time Solution.

ONE of the most depressing prospects of our present mode of life is, apart from its inevitability under the circumstances, the awful thought that it may go on and on for at least another generation. That is, even if war comes not—and every thinking and feeling man and woman in the world devoutly prays that the world will never again come to

world will revolt against such a dire existence. And then what? A whole mass of human problems which will have to be faced and solved, so that the real causes of war—apart from those manufactured for us by dictators, statesmen, armament manufacturers and ambitious men—will never again rear their ugly heads.

And one of these peace-time problems is faced and solved—solved to the extent that its arguments are inspiring and its theory well worth trying out—by Mr. Clarence C. Hatry in his book, "Light Out of Darkness" (Rich and Cowan; 8s. 6d.). Briefly, his theory is one of mass-emigration of men and women from congested countries to lands which are at present too sparsely populated, and yet possess all the elements to sustain huge communities in comfort and prosperity. Emigration, not done on the meagre, piecemeal plan which has hitherto been tried and was foredoomed to failure from the start; but emigration of men and women of all trades and professions to towns and villages and agricultural districts which have already been built and prepared for their reception in advance. Naturally, it will cost millions of pounds, but so does war and the preparation for war. And war is the supreme waste, for the victor as well as for the vanquished. Such a plan, though costly at the start, would eventually prove extremely profitable; while at the same time it would solve one of those problems of over- and under-population which are one of the main seeding-grounds for wars of poverty, envy, discontent and so-called breathing-space.

Incidentally, the theory proves that under-population is one of the chief causes of unemployment. The problem of unemployment is almost as acute in Canada and Australia as it is in the United Kingdom; as, in reality, it is in the totalitarian States, though these States have evolved a false solution of it by force; and also in the United States, which is perhaps the most prosperous country in the world at the moment. Moreover, this mass-emigration to sparsely populated areas on the world's surface previously prepared for its reception, would solve at the same time the discontent and slavery of men living in angry revolt under the alien rule of a conquering enemy. It would also help to solve the problem of the Jews—that world-wide problem. The first object of all these newly cultivated lands would be to make them self-sufficient. It is the modern dependency on foreign markets which nowadays makes every manufacturing country the prey of booms and slumps, and the first victim of any disturbance which may happen in any part of the world.

This, briefly, is an outline of the problem and of its solution as Mr. Hatry's book seeks to state it and, at the same time, to solve it. Difficult though it might be to realise, it is not to be disregarded. The moment, if ever in our life time, peace once more descends upon the world, this problem of the distribution of the world's population will be the first which will have to be faced. Otherwise the human world will never eradicate from its life either war, or revolution, or poverty, or unemployment, or injustice. Naturally the book's theory demands of statesmen and leaders all over the world an immensely "long vision," but unless the future is indeed inspired by men of long vision and imagination, the human end will likely be chaos. Such a long vision, for instance, as the solution of the ever-increasing negro problem in America by the enforced emigration of the Negroes not only in America, but in South Africa, to that tropical

(Continued on page 334.)

DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A., AND HER HUSBAND,  
MR. HAROLD KNIGHT, R.A.

Mr. Harold Knight got his R.A. in 1937, the year after the similar honour was conferred upon his wife, the famous patron painter of the circus folk and of other people as well. Mr. Harold Knight, as the art world knows, is likewise an artist of much distinction and world-wide fame. The above picture was taken when they were at the Malvern Festival.





MEVAGISSEY AND ITS HARBOUR ON THE CORNISH COAST LOOKING EAST



*J. Dixon-Scott, F.R.P.S.*

**CAERNARVON CASTLE: AN UNUSUAL VIEW OF THE SUPPOSED BIRTHPLACE OF THE FIRST PRINCE OF WALES**

These two artistic scenes of two very picturesque spots on the map of these islands demand no embellishment from the pen of anyone, for both are sufficiently eloquent of themselves. It has been said that it would defeat the artist to find a spot in Cornwall that is not beautiful. Though Edward, first Prince of Wales, is supposed to have been born in Caernarvon Castle, the matter is arguable. Edward was born in 1284, and it was in that self-same year that the Castle was begun, so the presumption must be that he was born outside it. It is claimed, however, that the future King of England was born in the Eagle Tower, which is on the extreme west. That was part of the original structure



## WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

region in Central Africa which was their original home, and is consequently theirs by right. Nevertheless, an immense problem demands an immense solution, and "Light Out of Darkness" is certainly a book which will set people thinking, even though they may not agree with all its contentions, or fight shy of its conclusions. It is, at any rate, a brave attempt to begin to face up to the problems of peace, and the problems of peace—when peace comes upon us—will be just as urgent as the problem now is of war. But for what infinitely finer ends!

## Thoughts from "Light Out of Darkness."

"The day will surely come when the whole question of frontiers will pass from the plane of strategy to that of economics. Frontiers made by war breed war."

"Human nature is so constituted that it takes a primitive delight in destruction. To knock down and sweep away what another man has built up ministers to the sense of power and superiority. It is, moreover, an easy process, calling for no particular mental effort."

"Unemployment is to a very large extent the outcome of maldistribution of population."

"Without the Empire we shall be nothing; with the Empire we may, if we plan wisely, be all we desire in a world of peace."

## Vulgar German Propaganda.

There is a sentence in Mr. Hatry's book which runs: "The mobilisation of mass insanity for universal bankruptcy," and it is well illustrated in "Beware of the English": German Propaganda Exposes England (Hamish Hamilton; 8s. 6d.), edited by W. G. Knop. Mr. Knop has collected a large number of the choicest bits of German propaganda against England, and published them in this mentally and morally illuminating book; if for no other purpose than to enlighten the average Englishman concerning the kind of inspired things which are being written about him and his country in at least one dictator-ridden country. Most of it is that kind of distorted truth which is the worst kind of lie; but much of it is silly, and almost all of it is vulgar—like a bad-tempered fishwife "having it out" with her neighbour in a public bar, when that neighbour isn't there.

One is left with the impression that if this is the kind of mental reasonableness upon which the German people are officially fed, then officialdom must inwardly have the utmost contempt for the mentality of the German people. But perhaps they don't believe it? Perhaps they are as fed up with Dr. Goebbels, his methods and his lack of manners, as is the world in general. Nevertheless, I suppose there is an element of human danger in this perpetually reiterated vulgarity. Maybe, at last and at length, it permeates the mass-mind with its message—just as gangster-films leave ultimately an impression on the minds of school-children. We shall see.

In the meanwhile, here are some choice examples of this German state-management of mistrust and hate, with a view, possibly, to ultimate battle.

"Two disclosures have recently been made in the English House of Parliament. First an M.P. stated that 'In England a dog is regarded as 102 times as valuable as a child.' Secondly, it was revealed that in England—the only land of really genuine 'humanity'—the buying and selling of children has been developed into a regular industry. There are proper companies which trade in children, whose prices are listed up to £500 or £600." Again, to prove that German atrocity against the Jews is not merely a German attribute, the *Voelkischer Beobachter* states: "We would like to draw the attention of these gentlemen to conditions in the English textile industry, in which opium is specially distributed by the management to female hands for the purpose of keeping their children quiet, so that they may work undisturbed for the profit of 'John Bull.'" In an article quoted from the Berlin *Lokalanzeiger* on "How the London Worker Lives," the London working-man, after describing his work and expenditure, apostrophises his German fellow-worker thus: "There is something beautiful about you, an invincible courage, something that cannot be expressed in words, that cannot be weighed or measured. It is the mental attitude of the German working man . . ." Well, I can hear a British working-man using just those words, can't you? But perhaps this example was an exception,

because earlier on in the article, this London working-man states that the chief item of his monthly budget was £5 for food and brandy!

But, indeed, were not the purpose which inspires these extracts from the German Press so dire towards peacefulness, they would be really funny. And certain of the caricatures from *Kladderadatsch* really are! However, I suppose it is all part of the necessity to arouse mass-fear-cum-anger in order to bolster up the illusion of "encirclement," and so, perhaps, justify a European war over Danzig, or elsewhere. But how sad it all is, especially when one realises that 99 per cent. of the population in England, as well as in Germany, want to live at peace and in mutual friendliness, if only the more ambitious fanatics would let them alone to get on with their own earnest business of living as happily as they can. And, incidentally, how great a change has come over the civilised world, that in a time of technical peace between two great nations, such things could be written and published, hopeful of applause!

## Spanish Scene.

"This Time a Better Earth" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), by Ted Allan, is in reality a vivid diary of the experiences of a young American who volunteered to fight for the late Spanish Government during the Civil War, with a love interest intermingled in it to lend it the air of being a story. It is a remarkably interesting account, because it is so personal, and it is memorable because it is written in such a way as to give one the illusion of sharing oneself in the conflict. And it is historically valuable for the proof it gives that the Government side, ill-equipped, ill-directed, and ill-fed, never had the ghost of a chance with the Italian and German troops massed on Franco's side.



Hay Wrightson

## MRS. CHRISTA BRASSEY

A very charming new portrait of the former Baroness Christa von Bodenhausen, one of the loveliest ladies in London Society. Daughter of the late Baron Eberhard von Bodenhausen, Mrs. Brassey adds an accomplished mind to her remarkable beauty, for she is a talented linguist, speaking five languages. She is also a keen aviatrix. The early part of this year she spent making a tour of South America, but returned to England in time to add lustre to the London season which has now finally said its piece



## THE FEAST OF ST. GROUSE IN SCOTLAND



ON THE GLENALMOND MOORS: MAJOR PETER DOLLAR AND MRS. A. F. STANLEY CLARKE



LADY ELIZABETH SCOTT  
IN DUMFRIESSHIRE



AT GLENOGIL: LORD FORRES, THE HON. JOHN WILLIAMSON AND THE HON. JEAN WILLIAMSON



LADY MANSFIELD AT THE LOCHAN SHOOT, PERTHSHIRE



ALSO IN PERTHSHIRE: MRS. JOCK WILSON AND SIR JAMES WILSON

The only moors upon which the grouse have not thriven are the Yorkshire ones. Scotland, on the whole, returns good reports, though Perthshire is not so optimistic about things as they are elsewhere. Lady Mansfield (see above) was at one of the Perthshire shoots—Mr. T. M. Burrell's at Lochan, near Amulree—and so were Major Peter Dollar, the 4th Hussar polo star, and Mrs. Stanley Clarke—their host being Mr. Arthur Smith-Bingham. Lady Elizabeth Scott was watching the slaughter at her father's (the Duke of Buccleuch) shoot at Wanlockhead. Lord Forres, with son and daughter, is on his own moor, Glenogil, and Sir James Wilson and sister-in-law are likewise on their native heath in Perthshire. Sir August Cayzer, who is a sailor (Emergency List, R.N.), has the right name for a grouse shoot, and his party, as will be observed, had a pretty strong salting of the Senior Service



AT SIR AUGUST CAYZER'S GARTMORE SHOOT

Included in the picture are: Mr. A. Gurnie, Lady Jellicoe, Mr. Leslie Smith, Lord Jellicoe, Mr. Bernard Cayzer, the Hon. Kathleen Hennessy, Miss B. Cunningham and Miss Joan Madden



# CONCERNING GOLF :: By HENRY LONGHURST

WHERE and when did you see your first golf-shot played? Perhaps it was a red-coated gentleman seen on the Common from the window of a railway carriage: or it may have been the Great Triumvirate who gave you your first introduction to golf in an exhibition match. If you belong to a later generation, perhaps it was the first time you were permitted to walk round with father.

Juvenile images crowded thick and fast in my own mind when I played, after an absence of too many months, on the Royal Eastbourne course the other day. If you have played more than once on that odd, fascinating course, where local knowledge of the Downland slopes is worth four strokes a round, the odds are that you have sliced your first tee shot over the road and into the sunken playing-field on the other side. The field belongs to St. Cyprians, where I spent nearly seven youthful years.

I often wonder whether I should have developed the same early enthusiasm for golf if I had not observed the figures of the Eastbourne golfers silhouetted on the skyline each morning. For the first five of my seven years I knew nothing about the game, but to a small boy those knicker-bockered figures with their caddies—boys, for those were the war years—trailing behind them signified not golf, but a grown-up freedom that seemed too far distant to contemplate. As we sat wistfully looking with one eye out of the window, and with the other at the meaningless platitudes of Cicero, it seemed that the day would never come when a man could do as he damned well pleased at half-past ten. We would even have changed places with the caddie-boys who used to steal surreptitiously down the bank in search of lost balls, till my friend, Sergeant Barnes, took a shot at them with a '22 rifle from the armoury window.

Now, alas, the small faces peer no longer at the golfers from the windows of St. Cyprians, for it was gutted by fire some weeks ago, and the building that has been the framework of the lives of many hundreds of boys stands an empty shell. The school is moving to Wispers, near Midhurst, which was built up by the Duchess of Bedford just before her death. The golfers of Eastbourne will miss them. Mr. L. C. Vaughan Wilkes, who founded St. Cyprians, has been a member of the club for more than forty years and his son, Mr. John Wilkes, who played for Oxford and is now Warden of Radley, learnt his golf there. Our needle match with the artisan section will also, I am afraid, be a thing of the past.

Downland golf is often despised, but I frankly confess that I like it. True, no course on the Downs has achieved immortality, or even any great degree of temporal fame, but there's a freshness and vigour about playing on the Downs, with the wind in your hair and the wild flowers under your feet, that atone for any amount of unkind slopes and "bad-length" holes. This kind of golf may not be the embodiment of the architect's dream, but it's fun—and that, when you



Balmaln

## GOLF AND SEA AIR AT NORTH BERWICK

Lord and Lady Knollys and well-disciplined hounds at that great spot for people who want a tonic. Lady Knollys is the only daughter of Sir Stuart and Lady Auchincloss Coats. The father of the present Lord Knollys was a famous member of the Royal Household from the reign of Queen Victoria onwards

come down to it, is the only excuse for playing golf or any other game.

Ever since I have played at Royal Eastbourne they have been going to alter their course. They say it is too short. Judged by championship standards it is—a lot too short. In summer conditions, a genuinely scratch amateur should average 70—but why not? The visitor still takes his full quota—and until he discovers that the way to play some of the holes is to aim 25 yards to one side of the flag and watch the ball kick down off the slope, he takes a good many more. And if there are six short holes, again, what of it? All the more chances of a 3, say I!

Having set the Royal Eastbourne golf club to rights, let me offer a holiday suggestion. Now that courses are running fast and scoring is easier, take out an occasional card for the "Liberty Cup." You pay half a crown, at any club, any time before September 12, and the proceeds go to the Purley Schools Fund. The best twenty cards sent in qualify for the final, which will be played, free of green fee, at Sandy Lodge in the early autumn. Even if you don't do any good, your half-crown will!

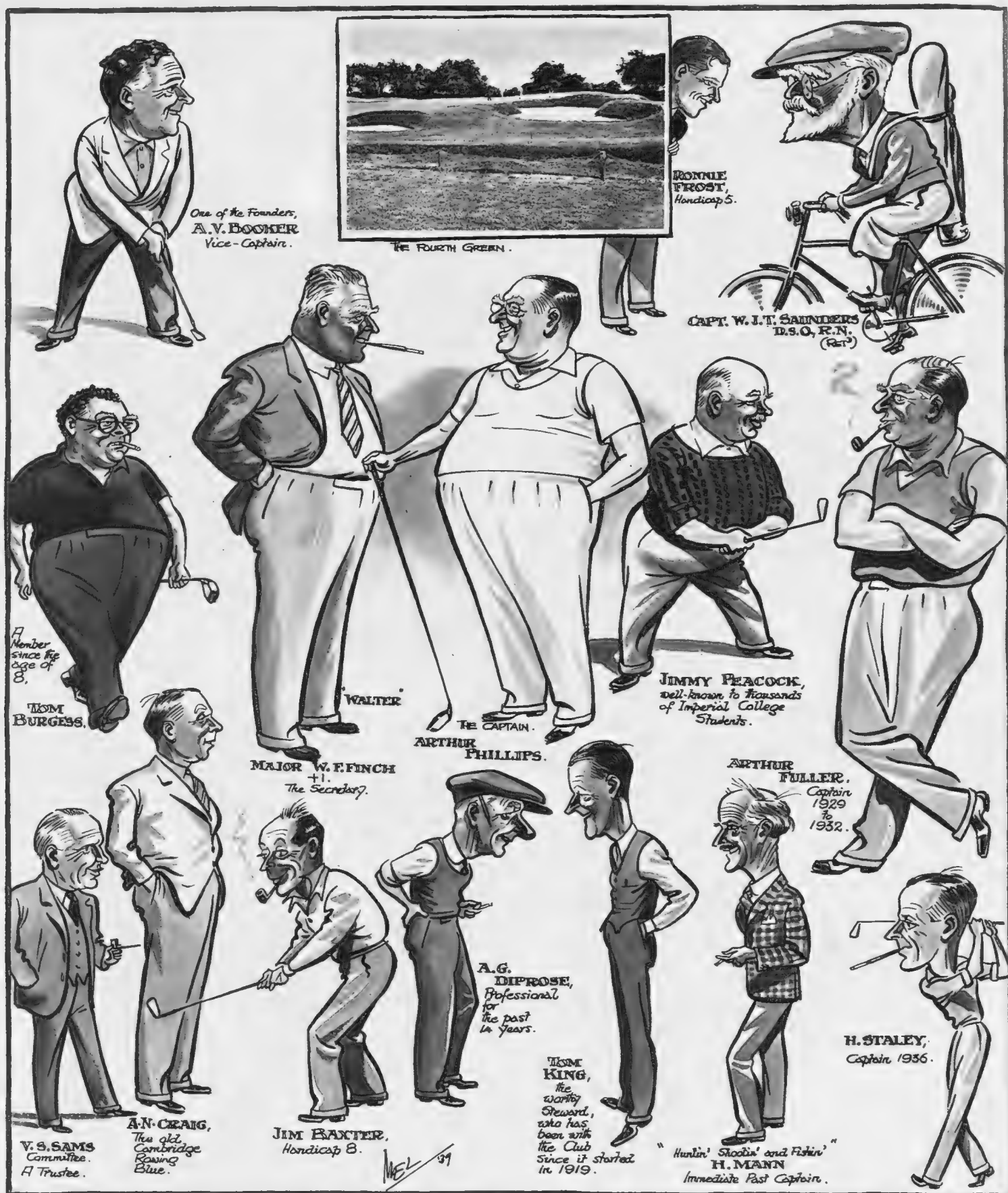


LORD BREADALBANE AND LADY HALL

On the famous Gleneagles Hotel links. Gleneagles, as usual at this particular time of year, is full to the brim with not only Scots but Sassenach migrants. Lord Breadalbane, who is a Gunner by trade, has a very distinguished war record and is now a Lieutenant-Colonel on the Reserve



## GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



## THE BOGNOR GOLF CLUB—By "MEL"

The Bognor Golf Club is a popular resort for golfers holidaying on the pleasant West Sussex coast, and at this time of year has many visitors. The club was founded in 1919, and three years later its present attractive course at Innerwyke was constructed by F. G. Hawtree to the plans of James Braid. While it is not "tigers" meat, the course provides sufficiently varied and hazardous golf to satisfy most players. It has the advantage of being delightfully situated, with the wooded South Downs for background and bounded by a stream going locally by the name of the Aldingbourne Rife. Fine hedges and willow-bordered streamlets dot the landscape. To complete the rustic atmosphere there is one of those pools in whose waters village maidens were wont to look for the faces of their husbands-to-be, while the club-house has been effectively converted from an old flint-walled barn.



## HOW NOW IN VICHY:



AT THE RACES: THE MARCHESE DEL SERA FIASCHI AND MME. JEAN BEKESSY



MRS. OSCAR LEWISOHN AND THE COMTESSE DE THIENE ARE TAKING THE WATERS



MR. AND MRS. W. K. WHIGHAM

Vichy, that lively French spa where good fun and good health are equally easy to come by, is now enjoying its high season. The place was packed for the recent Grand Prix week-end, amongst many smart feminine race-goers being Mme. Jean Bekessy. Vichy's morning glass of fashion is, of course, water, which has the good taste not to be nasty. Recent conscientious takers have included Mrs. Charles Sweeny's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Whigham; Mrs. Oscar Lewisohn, never-to-be-forgotten star of Edwardian days as Edna May; and the Comtesse de Thiene, *née* Goday, of California. The latter has now gone to County Donegal, with her husband, to fish. Tight lines! Golf on Vichy's tricky course has been engaging the attentions of Captain Edgar Chester-Master and the John Dyson-Taylors, while Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes has filled every day with a host of activities. Mrs. Arthur Vincent is another very well-known Biarritz resident

## AUGUST OCCASIONS



CAPTAIN AND MRS. EDGAR CHESTER-MASTER AND HOUNDS ON THE GOLF COURSE



AT VICHY FROM BIARRITZ: MRS. ARTHUR VINCENT AND MRS. O'MALLEY-KEYES



MORE GOLFERS: MR. JOHN DYSON-TAYLOR AND HIS CANADIAN-BORN WIFE



*Marcus Adams, Dover Street*

**THE COUNTESS OF FEVERSHAM —**

**—AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY CLARISSA DUNCOMBE**

If there is anything in heredity, the younger of the two ladies in the above very pretty picture ought to develop into a second Artemis, for her mother is a daughter of a fox-hunter—Lord Halifax—and her father has been joint-Master of the Sinnington, the family having had a very long connection with that charming country to cross. The first member of the Duncombe family to be Master of the Sinnington was the Lord Helmsley, who had them from 1904 till 1908. Lady Feversham is the only daughter of Lord and Lady Halifax, and married Lord Feversham in 1936. Her brother, the Hon. Charles Wood, succeeded his father in the joint-Mastership of the Middleton in 1938



## THE RIVIERA MERRY-GO-ROUND BY DAY: BEACH PARADE



LORD AND LADY QUEENSBERRY



THE HON. ESMOND HARMSWORTH AND DAUGHTER



LORD AND LADY DOVERDALE



CAPTAIN AND MRS. G. DUBOSC TAYLOR



LORD AND LADY HINDLIP



MME. V. PARAVICINI AND LADY COWDRAY

Except for the picture of Lord and Lady Queensberry, who are staying at the Eden Hotel, Cap d'Ail, all these photographs come from Monte Carlo. The Hon. Esmond Harmsworth has rented a villa there for the season, and he and his ex-deb. elder daughter, Miss Lorna Harmsworth, get around with great energy. On this particular occasion they were aboard a yacht. Lord and Lady Doverdale (she comes from "Down Under" and was Miss Audrey Pointing) join daily in the Monte Carlo beach parade. Captain Dubosc Taylor, Scots Guards, and bride are even more ardent sun-bathers. Another Riviera honeymoon couple, Lord and Lady Cowdray (he escaped the camera), came back to London for the Lakin-Pearson wedding, at which the former Lady Anne Bridgeman was matron of honour to her sister-in-law. Mr. Somerset Maugham's daughter, Mme. Vincent Paravicini, has taken a fine range of seaside suits to the Côte d'Azur; this one is apple-green. Lady Hindlip was formerly Miss Tulla Karr

## PLAYING POLO AT CHELTENHAM



ON LADIES' DAY: L. TO R., MISS P. KELLY, MISS LIVINGSTONE-LEARMONTH, MRS. SMAIL AND MISS E. KELLY



"PILGRIMS" WIN ROARK CUP: L. TO R., MR. A. GRISAR, MAJOR N. POWELL, MR. S. J. BARTON AND CAPTAIN FIELDING-JOHNSON



SWINDON MANOR: MR. L. HARDY, CAPTAIN D. KENNEDY, CAPTAIN G. KEIGHLEY AND COL. A. C. GORDON SMYTHE



Photos: W. Dennis Moss.

"PHANTOMS" LADY CHAMPIONS: MISS P. PACEY, MISS F. BALDING, MISS D. BALDING AND MISS B. BALDING

Cheltenham, pleasant place for any kind of caper that may have to do with a horse, be it polo, hunting or chasing, managed to bring off the tournament pictured above in a lot better weather than we finished our "chaugan" operations in the east, and it is not a word of a lie to assert that a good time was had by winners and losers alike. Ladies first! The "Phantoms," winners of the Ladies' Open Challenge Cup, we seem to have seen for the most part as Rugby when they won the Ladies' Championship at Hurlingham. Then Miss F. Balding and Miss B. Balding and Miss P. Pacey were in the side. At this Cheltenham Tourney as will be observed, it was three-quarters Balding. After this, how will anyone dare to suggest that there is nothing in a



A GOAL FOR

THE PILGRIMS

name? Miss Kelly and her sister were both in the Fontwell Magna side, and are probably the only ones of the fair sex who have had a go at this game in America. They were out in California at the same time as our International side, and they both played in the Fontwell Magna team at Hurlingham (beaten 4 to 3 by Rugby). Mr. Alfred Grisar of whom we used to see a good deal in London at one time, looks appropriately pleased at having collected that cup, and the rest of them are also wreathed in most becoming smiles. One of their victims was the Swindon Manor team who, however, downed Bampton after a grand scrap. Captain G. E. V. Keighley, son of poor Vernon whom we all miss so much, rode the winner of the 1938 Kadir Cup



## ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By

REGINALD ARKELL

Cabaret at the  
Dorchester*The Bernards and**The Fraday Girls*

THE BERNARDS AND THE FRADAY GIRLS IN THE DORCHESTER RESTAURANT

CABARET, I reminded the Artist, as we strolled down Park Lane towards the Dorchester, is very tricky stuff—all sorts of things happen at the same time. I suggested, therefore, that he should concentrate on the entertainment while I attempted to do justice to the menu.

After a little argument, the Artist saw my point. We started with *le Cantaloup de Paris au Porto: les Perles ambrées de sterlet*; followed by *le consommé Rich Rossolnick* with those small Russian patties—*les Piroskys*.

This, as I said to the Artist, was not a bad beginning. Not at all bad. Of course, he wasn't in a position to judge, because they were adjusting the sliding platform and he was jockeying for position, as you might say. Rather a pity he missed the patties, I thought, but there was a chance that he might catch up with me later on. With the fish—*le suprême de Truite saumonée au coulis d'Écrevisses*—came the question of wine. It seemed that the Dorchester have drawn upon the vineyards of Alsace for their most delectable products, and, not wishing to disturb the Artist, we, Pratesi and I, decided to open a bottle of *Riesling*, a splendid wine, with a fine bouquet, but nevertheless virile, full-bodied and strong. Indeed, I half regretted

that the Artist was too occupied to join me, but this altruistic mood soon passed and I

settled down to a serious consideration of the next course.

This proved to be Virginia ham baked with a crust, served with peaches in brandy and fresh peas. Not bad! If the Bernards and the dancing Fraday Girls had not made their appearance at this stage, I should have induced the Artist to lay aside his sketch-book for a brief moment. . . . Just about now, one began to fear a slight surfeit of the culinary art, but the chef came to the rescue with a collection of iced fruits—*le jus de fruit glacé—bien entendu* which paved the way for the more serious business of the evening. This proved to be grouse, newly in season and excellently garnished with *foie gras, soufflé, pomme ideale*,



## in The Dorchester Restaurant

salad and what will you. And here I really did insist on the Artist turning his sword into a ploughshare, while I sat back and marvelled at the manner in which the dancers managed to do their stuff in the rather limited space at their disposal. "There," said I to myself, "there, but for the grace of God—and a bottle of *Riesling*—goes Reginald Arkell. . . . But don't let's think of it. Some calamities are too fraught with unpleasant possibilities for casual contemplation. Let us return to our *moutons*, and see what is left in the bottle."

We are nearing the end of the menu. Comes a waiter with sweets—*La cœur flottant au Grand Marnier; les fraises des bois mireille et les frivolités*—all very jolly and rounding off as pleasant a little meal as one could sample upon a summer's night. Small wonder that the lights of Park Lane, backed by the cool greens of the Park, took on a warmer and more lustrous glow. Small wonder that the petty inconveniences of these later days seemed less menacing than they did an hour ago.

Almost one was persuaded to believe that cabaret plays a significant part in the modern scheme of things. As we strolled home beneath the stars, the author was humming a little tune from *Die Fledermaus*—and the Artist was happy in the contemplation of a job of work well done.



# Priscilla in Paris

**T**RÈS CHER,—I am writing, if not from the roof of this particular corner of *la belle France*, at least from the sixth floor, and the view over the range of *le Massif Central*, beyond the deep valley that lies below my window, is very lovely. St. Flour is the hub of l'Auvergne, a place of beauty and home, of all good Cantal cheeses. (H'ever, if you *don't* like goat's milk, give the butter a miss.) The name is pronounced "*Chainte-flourre*" by the inhabitants. An Auvergnat never loses his accent. My political friends may say: What about Laval? The answer is: "Listen closely"! We arrived here last night after some stiff climbs which "Miss Chrysler 1924" achieved without even a gasp. Her engine is still so good that I am seriously thinking of buying her a new frock, for I admit the coachwork is a bit moth-eaten. Before leaving the Island, I had the local cobbler and his apprentice out in the main street for an hour busy sewing up the edge of her hood.

But to return to *Chainte-flourre*: a picturesque but hardly pleasing particularity is a total absence of pavements and somewhat primitive sanitation that calls for careful walking when one strolls through the town which, apparently, rings the curfew at 10.0 p.m. You must not think from this that *Chainte-flourre* lacks excitement. The inhabitants get such a thrill watching "the strangers" pass through that they spend their evenings, during the summer, sitting in their doorways, and the local cinema is obliged to close down from June to September. After ten the young bloods go to the *Dancing*. We were lured there by the rhythmic sound of drum and accordion playing one of Lys Gauty's oldest song-hits. From the dark, narrow, cobble-stoned street a steep wooden staircase led directly into a first-floor, low-ceilinged room where the "orchestra" was perched on two barrels, and boys and girls were dancing—but *not* together. The sexes seem to keep 'emselves to 'emselves at St. Flour. Everything was quite naice, however, and family life very much *en évidence*. Mamas were wall-flowered, on benches, round the room, their progeny playing at their feet and occasionally under those of the dancers.

In the 700 kilometres we have covered since leaving Noirmoutier I have only come across two G.B. cars. Strange that such a beautiful part of France should be so neglected by British visitors. Why not try shipping the car to St. Malo or even Bordeaux and crossing the country that way, instead of always taking the dull old route from Boulogne or Calais? The roads are in perfect condition except for a few miles outside Fontenay-le-Comte. I was amused and astonished to see the traces of an old cart-road that used to be built with a double track of stones along the centre, showing faintly through its more recent surface. This reminded me of a strange occurrence when the late portrait painter, Pascau, used a scraped canvas when painting the portrait of Mme. Colette and Gauthier-Villars, to whom she was then married. Six months later the scraped-out picture faintly reappeared and a mysterious face showed between the two heads of "Willy and Colette," whose divorce was then taking place.

Between Fontenay and Niort—where one finds the Hôtel du Raisin de Bourgogne renowned for its excellent food, and shutterless bedrooms—one begins to see the chestnut trees of the Limousin and Corrèze. After the open, treeless spaces of la Vendée and the Deux Sèvres, where the squat white houses barely show against the skyline, the lush verdancy of la Vienne is restful to eyes that dislike to dim the sunshine with smoked glasses. At Civray outside a marvellous twelfth-century church, the Mayor has posted up a map of the



Star Presse

## NICOLE DE ROUVE GOES ALL RUSSIAN

Or is it merely Côte d'Azur? In any case, there's no mistaking the appeal of this dark-eyed, chestnut-blond who understandably has already made a name for herself in pictures and on the stage. Nicole was a little unlucky in her last appearance, which was in the French version of Clare Boothe's *The Women* a translation by Jacques Deval, whose own plays, notably *Prenez Garde à la Peinture* (known over here as *The Late Christopher Bean*), have achieved world popularity. But in spite of its distinguished foster-parentage, the French *Women* did not appeal to Frenchwomen as its original has to their sisters here and in the States

town on which the "specially recommended houses" are underlined. Somebody—no doubt a grateful tramp—has heavily underscored the site of the local prison. We passed near Brive, but had no time to pay a visit to Castel Novel, the birthplace of the Jouvenels, where, in the little Varetz cemetery, there are only men. "Were the Jouvenel ladies flighty?" you ask. Well, perhaps that is an awkward question. I would rather reply that all the Jouvenels have difficult tempers, and I know that Bertrand de Jouvenel, who is following in his father's footsteps so brilliantly as a journalist, and "Belgazou"—who at twenty-three has already one divorce to her credit—will not contradict me. I made a detour of several kilometres in order not to pass through Limoges, a town of beautiful buildings but a town that bores me. It is celebrated for its porcelains and enamels and, which is less poetic and less known, its boots. Boots are, to Limoges, what tyres are to Clermont-Ferrand. There is also a little matter of a best hotel and some orange juice, over which I came to grief with Charles Graves, that has put me off the place for ever. Argentat, Aurillac, Vic St. Ceré, the small thrill of the long, cold tunnel of le Lioron, which is nearly a mile long, are all beautiful or interesting spots, amongst innumerable other places on this run that continues in my next.—PRISCILLA.



Voinguet

## MAURICE CHEVALIER WITH A NEW SCREEN PARTNER—MARIE DEA

Maurice Chevalier smiles again in his new picture, *Pièges*, although there are also some highly dramatic moments to call forth his powers of serious acting. Great things are predicted for his piquante partner, Marie Dea, with whom he is seen in gay mood above. He leaves next autumn to gladden the hearts of South Africans with his Gallic charm in a long-promised, song-tour of the Dominion. Nita Raya is to go with him in a song number



## THREE SMART GIRLS—AND ONE (OR TWO) MEN



JOAN BENNETT AND LOUIS HAYWARD IN "THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK"  
(AND ALSO ON RIGHT)



ANN SHERIDAN IN "WINTER CARNIVAL"

Louis Hayward plays two rôles in the film version of Alexandre Dumas' thrilling story, *The Man In the Iron Mask*—which will be presented at the Odeon, Leicester Square, on September 4—being seen both as the unpleasant Louis the Fourteenth and as his gallant twin brother, Philippe, friend of the Three Musketeers. Joan Bennett plays Maria Theresa, who is wooed by the irresistible Philippe in order that "for the sake of France" she may wed his not so-irresistible but facially indistinguishable royal brother. First Philippe, then Louis, are imprisoned in the grim iron mask, while the other acts as king. Others in a powerful cast include Warren William as D'Artagnan, redoubtable swordsman and Captain



PAULETTE GODDARD À LA PAYSANNE

of the King's Musketeers, and Joseph Schildkraut as Fouquet, Louis' entirely rascally counsellor. The film was directed by James Whale, who has done this sort of thing before with great success, as he was in charge of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. Ann Sheridan, now irrevocably labelled a Hollywood's "Oomph" girl (shades of Clara Bow, the "IT" one) will also be seen soon in a film which she has just finished, called *Winter Carnival*. Her opposite number is Patrick Carlson. Paulette Goddard is another autumn prospect, playing opposite Bob Hope in *The Cat and the Canary*, which is expected over here in the near future





LORD HERBERT, LADY DE FREYNE, MR. H. D. PACK-BERESFORD AND LADY HERBERT GO RACING

This page is concerned with the Phoenix Park Meeting and the Dun Laoghaire Dog Show. Mrs. Hartley Dodge who annually sponsors the vast Morris and Essex Kennel-Club show on the Dodge estate in New Jersey, came specially from U.S.A. to judge German shepherd dogs. Above, centre, are well-known Irish wolfhound exhibitors with their entries, Minna of Ouborough and O'Finn of Ouborough; the latter, which Mrs. O'Connor holds, won a Green Star and two firsts at the show



DOG SHOWING: HIS HONOUR JUDGE O'CONNOR, K.C., AND MRS. O'CONNOR



MRS. ROBSON, WHO EDITS "THE DOG WORLD," MR. JUSTICE HANNA AND MRS. HARTLEY DODGE (JUDGES) AT THE DUN LAOGHAIRE DOG SHOW

## IN EIRELAND



WAITING FOR A FINISH: LADY NELSON AND MISS "PADDY" BENNETT



THE FULKE WALWYNS



THE HON. ANN FORBES-SEMPILL AND MISS O'DONOVAN

Racing at Phoenix Park always winds up Horse-Show week. Fulke Walwyn, who has broken most bones race riding, but always comes up smiling, was there with his charming wife. Also from England came Lord and Lady Herbert, Lord Sempill's elder daughter, and Mr. Nelson Dixon, Master of the Essex and Suffolk (Suffolk side), and winner with Shaun Peel of the 1939 Irish Grand National. Sir James Nelson's wife busily filmed finishes, and the Master of the Kilkenny was being congratulated on his son Victor's fine showing as equitation prize-winner in the recent Royal Military College passing-out list



Photos: Poole, Dublin.

AT PHOENIX PARK: LEFT—MRS. F. BOYLAN, MRS. MITCHELL AND MAJOR McCALMONT, M.F.H. RIGHT—SENATOR AND MRS. FRANK MACDERMOT



MRS. RICHARD BALL AND MR. NELSON DIXON, M.F.H.



A  
FLASH-BACK  
TO THE  
DESTRUCTION  
OF THE  
SPANISH  
ARMADA



*Photos.: Hay Wrightson, New Bond Street*

LADY HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM

Two recent portrait-studies of the wife of the Earl of Effingham's heir. The family, as even Smith Minor knows, reckons among its ancestors that Howard of Effingham, aided and abetted by Drake, who put paid to the hopes of Philip of Spain and also to Sidonia, his landlubber admiral. Lady Howard of Effingham is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ferenz Gertler, of the well-known Budapest family, is very musically inclined, and is engaged upon organising a musical festival in Egypt, in which, it is said, Queen Farida is interested. Lady Howard of Effingham was presented to her Majesty when she was in Egypt in February







## H.E. THE AMERICAN AMBASSADOR, MRS.

When His Excellency Joseph P. Kennedy came to England as U.S.A. Ambassador in March, 1938, in relief of the late Mr. Robert Bingham, very nearly the first thing he did was to hole-out in one on the Stoke Poges golf links. It was an event of the happiest augury. His Excellency was an equally instantaneous success in other circles, and has continued to be so. If any proof of this assertion were required, which it is not, it could be deduced from the fact that even the staid and rather





*Dorothy Wilding, Old Bond Street*

## JOSEPH KENNEDY AND THEIR FAMILY

stand-offish Britons have taken to calling him "Joe." In other words, he is stupendously popular, and so is his very charming wife, and the whole of his not inconsiderable family, numerous enough for two polo teams and a "spare." Even the English tailors, whose achievements in trousers His Excellency has criticised, seem to like him! The key to the smiling group set out above is: (left to right) Eunice, John, Rosemary, Jean, H.E. the Ambassador, Edward, Mrs. Kennedy, Joseph Jr., Patricia, Robert and Kathleen



## RIVIERA WHO'S WHO



THE COMTESSE JEAN DE MAUPAS AND HER  
HOST, LORD PATRICK CRICHTON-STUART



LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN  
AND MR. STEFAN G. KLEIN



LADY PATRICK CRICHTON-STUART  
AND CAPTAIN GODFREY WENTWORTH



LORD RHIDIAN CRICHTON-STUART  
AND MME. PAUL CARTIER



M. MARCEL A. PALMARO  
AND LORD QUEENSBERRY



APPRECIATIVE GUESTS: MRS. WILLIAM CONNELL  
AND M. JACQUES MONSEIGNAT



MR. SIDEBOTHAM AND MISS HANNAH MARKS

In this pleasant collection of down-South snapshots, four are accounted for by Lady Patrick Crichton-Stuart's birthday-dance party, given at the Villa Dixie, overlooking Monaco harbour. Lucky guests included the Comtesse Jean de Maupas, wearing white marocain with scarlet-trimmed sleeves; the eldest son of Mr. Guy Wentworth, Squire of Woolley, Yorks; the William Connells from Villa Les Gallets, Beaulieu, who used to live in Stirlingshire; Mme. Paul Cartier; and the host's youngest brother and sister-in-law, Lord and Lady Rhidian Crichton-Stuart, who were married last month. Lady Iris Mountbatten, over from Antibes, dined at the Monte Carlo Sporting Club on a gala night. So did Mr. Simon Marks's daughter, Lady (Doris) Orr-Lewis's son, Mr. Gibbons, and Miss Mollie Sullivan, the two last-named coming from Cannes. Lord Queensberry was "shot" at the mammoth National Sporting Club boxing meeting he helped to run at the new Prince Louis II. Stadium at Monte



MR. "EDDIE" GIBBONS AND MISS SULLIVAN





**HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY WITH THE 98th (SURREY YEOMANRY, QUEEN MARY'S) FIELD REGIMENT, R.A., AT THEIR NEW HEADQUARTERS, CLAPHAM PARK**

*Gale & Polden*

Front row, left to right: Lt. M. E. Barclay, Captain D. K. Price, Major R. E. Barclay, Captain G. H. Burgess (Adjutant), Lt.-Colonel G. A. Ledingham, M.C. (Commanding Officer), her Majesty Queen Mary, Major the Hon. C. G. Cubitt, Captain the Hon. F. A. Stewart-Mackenzie, Lt. P. G. Evelyn, Lt. N. R. Grimston, Lt. P. McC. Greenwell; second row, left to right: Lt. A. Benn, 2nd Lt. O. C. Browning, 2nd Lt. J. Winship, Lt. and Q.M. V. A. Fox, 2nd Lt. B. H. Tyldesley Jones, 2nd Lt. J. Drew, 2nd Lt. D. L. Orr, 2nd Lt. W. G. S. Johnston, 2nd Lt. E. P. G. Bray, 2nd Lt. K. M. Payne, 2nd Lt. G. H. Peile; third row, left to right: 2nd Lt. R. L. Lowndes, 2nd Lt. Hon. R. R. Blades, 2nd Lt. A. Campbell, 2nd Lt. R. V. W. Neathercoat, 2nd Lt. J. Cox, 2nd Lt. W. L. Roots, 2nd Lt. J. G. Kell



**THE 4th BN. (T.A.) OXFORDSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY IN CAMP AT LAVANT, SUSSEX**

The 4th Bn. (T.A.) Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry are spending a fortnight under canvas at Lavant, near Chichester. Here are the 4th Battalion officers. Seated (l. to r.): Captain Lord Rathcreedan, Captain A. J. Marigold, Major H. W. House, Major J. Thorne, Colonel R. F. Symonds (O.C.), Major G. de Pass, Captain M. C. Wiggins, Captain M. V. P. Fleming, Lt. H. Benford; back row: 2nd Lt. P. B. Secretan, 2nd Lt. L. G. G. Ramsay, 2nd Lt. F. E. Hicks, 2nd Lt. P. J. Pearman Smith, Lt. R. E. Munsey, 2nd Lt. S. Molloy, 2nd Lt. E. C. A. Keen, Lt. J. A. Gordon, 2nd Lt. D. W. Wallis, Lt. M. J. Waterhouse, the Rev. R. D. F. Wild, 2nd Lt. H. Tufnell-Barrett, 2nd Lt. R. M. A. Bourne, 2nd Lt. P. M. C. Onions, Lt. N. R. Lansell, 2nd Lt. J. Clerke-Brown, 2nd Lt. S. Ruck-Nightingale, 2nd Lt. O. P. Haig, 2nd Lt. T. A. W. Wynne, 2nd Lt. C. Dillwyn, 2nd Lt. Hon. R. R. W. S. Stonor, 2nd Lt. J. Forster, 2nd Lt. H. R. C. Bird, 2nd Lt. E. J. Lightfoot, 2nd Lt. C. H. W. Troughton, 2nd Lt. R. S. Holden



**OFFICERS OF THE 5th BN. (T.A.) OXFORDSHIRE AND BUCKINGHAMSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY.**

L. to r., front row: 2nd Lt. J. E. McLeod, Capt. E. A. Braybrook, Capt. J. T. Holt, Major E. A. L. Coutts, Lt.-Col. B. Long, M.C., T.D., Col. M. W. Edmunds, O.B.E., T.D. (Commanding, 5th Bn.), Lt. H. J. Mogg (43rd Light Infantry), Lt. A. Clerke-Brown (43rd Light Infantry), Capt. J. R. F. Peel and 2nd Lt. J. H. L. Smith; (back row): Lt. K. W. Booth, 2nd Lt. M. E. S. Sharpe, 2nd Lt. J. I. Colville, Lt. M. G. D. Duncan, 2nd Lt. P. Sharpe, 2nd Lt. R. F. Barnes, 2nd Lt. P. G. Thomson, 2nd Lt. G. F. Lawson, 2nd Lt. J. Ruck-Keen, 2nd Lt. N. L. Smith, Lt. C. Thomas, 2nd Lt. R. J. M. Flower, Lt. P. Barlow, M.M., 2nd Lt. J. H. Cooper, 2nd Lt. J. D. Robertson, 2nd Lt. P. R. Odgers, Lt. A. Gilson, 2nd Lt. A. E. Mulgan, 2nd Lt. E. H. Birley, 2nd Lt. J. M. Marriott and 2nd Lt. O. E. Crast

Our Territorial Army is always very much in the news these days, and is especially so at the moment with units in hard training under canvas. The 98th Field Regiment, Royal Artillery, formerly Surrey and Sussex Yeomanry, was visited the other day by her Majesty Queen Mary, whose name the unit has the honour to bear. The other two units shown above are rightly proud of their link with the historic Craufurd's Light Division, 43rd, 52nd, and 95th (now Rifle Brigade). 'Sir John Moore, hero of Corunna, was the colonel of the 52nd, and the blade of the sword he wore on the great occasion of his last battle still hangs in the mess-room of the 1st Battalion. Under Sir John Moore's command the 43rd, 52nd and 95th became the first officially recognised light infantry in the British Army, and a historian of the war wrote of them: "They were never negligent, never dismayed. Six years of warfare could not detect a flaw in their system, nor were they ever matched in courage or skill. Those three regiments were avowedly the best that England ever had under arms"





Gale and Polden

## THE ORATORY SCHOOL XI.

The side which beat Beaumont at Lord's for the fourth year in succession, and this time beat them good and hearty—three wickets. The Oratory *v.* Beaumont match, ranks as the third oldest in public school cricket. M. C. Bodenham, the Oratory captain, has scored 734 in school matches this season. Fine work!

The names in the picture are, left to right (top): P. Stilwell, H. Cuming, J. Redmond-Smith, M. Wetz, R. D. Slater, F. Thorncroft; (bottom) R. Snapp, C. A. Bodenham, M. C. Bodenham (captain), G. H. Moore, and N. J. Neville

THE diligent German Minister of Propaganda badly needs an editor for his counter-blast to the King-Hall letters. He really must not address us as "Dear Mr. Jack Tar Britain," and it would be advisable if he got one of the renegade Britons, whom he seems to have at his command, to comb his efforts for him. Another bit of advice: if you wish to improve your prose, expunge your



Dennis Moss

## LORD AND LADY APSLEY AND THEIR SONS

A picture taken at Lord Bathurst's puppy-show at Cirencester, the family seat near which are the kennels. Lady Apsley, as many know, is the authoress of a very good book indeed, "Bridleways Through History"—a classic

## Pictures in the Fire

epithets. This may be asking a bit too much of the Herr Doktor, but until he can produce something a bit better than he is doing at the moment it is to be feared that his literary efforts will continue to find their present destination—the W.P.B.

If again the Herr Doktor really believes that he is not wasting his money on advertising his country as a charming tourist resort under present conditions, it might be as well if he took the necessary steps

to contrive that such deluded persons as may be attracted to his most charming land are treated somewhat differently. Two somewhat unwise virgins, who have just returned from somewhere in Germany, got themselves run in for not giving the Nazi salute when a unit of the German Army was marching back to barracks after, presumably, a field day. An officer of one of the companies first noticed that they had not saluted: he detailed an Unter Offizier to fall out and grab them, and then fell out himself and handed the two rather scared damsels over to one of the Green Police, who marched them off under arrest. It was only when it was discovered that they were poor deluded English girls that they were released. This sort of thing would not happen in this country even at the Trooping of the Colour, but then, we have no need for cheap swank.

It is interesting to speculate upon how many of the blazing lights seen in London and up and down the country on black-out night would have blazed if it had been the real business. I am on to wager that the first two rounds from either the attack or the defence would have made the offenders jump to it! In the next show, as in the last, we shall always have to contend with the signalling of those inexpressibly brave, but much contemned persons, the enemy "agents"—but in this drill there was no point in any agent's trying to mess things up, and for that reason all the less excuse for what happened by reason of the malfeasances. It is regrettable in the extreme that this rehearsal was not taken very seriously.

A few excerpts taken from the very excellent reports of the *Times'* observers are most informative:

(1) "Looking from the roof of Shell-Mex House, the black-out was by no means complete. Lights inside Waterloo Station could be seen as a



Firth

## LORD AND LADY DE RAMSEY IN NEW ZEALAND

A picture taken when they were on a recent visit to H.E. the Governor-General, Lord Galway, and Lady Galway. Lady De Ramsey is a granddaughter of the late Sir George Stirling whose baronetcy is extinct



## AN M.F.H. AND OTHERS IN SUNNY MADEIRA

The M.F.H. is our friend, Captain Maurice Kingscote, joint-Master and huntsman the Meynell. The others in the picture are Sir Maurice Simpson, formerly Engineer-in-Chief Indo-European Telegraphs, India Office, and Sir Montague Hughman, Chairman of Henley's Telegraph Works



## By "SABRETACHE"



MR. NOEL COWARD AT CANNES

Resting in the sun before coming back to London to supervise and act in one of his own plays, *This Happy Breed*, due at the Phoenix in October. The other one is *Sweet Sorrow*, also at the Phoenix

light"; (8) Nottingham: "The black-out was not complete. . . . We co-operated as far as possible, consistent with public convenience and safety. Our plans for working in complete darkness in the event of an air raid could be put into operation very speedily"—it is suggested that "could" is not quite good enough; (9) "Ludgate Hill, Holborn Viaduct, near St. Bartholomew's Hospital and Snow Hill, almost opposite the City Police Station, were brilliantly illuminated by standard street lamps until 1.15 a.m. The City police stated that it was because of a mistake at the electricity undertaking." "Mistakes" cannot be afforded under conditions which were intended to reproduce those of actual war.

There is just this further—namely, that during the last scrap the enemy was never such a blithering fool

as to come when the weather was thick: he always chose a moonlight night when every roof and every window, to say nowt of the river, was a nice guiding light.

In the last war the warning signals were better—a couple of real good maroons which made almost as much row as a 9-inch How.—far better than these mournful sirens, whose moan is carried away by the wind even at a range of under half a mile. I am given to understand that the old bangs are considered a bit too emetic! If this is so, then these sirens are far too anæmic. They say people's nerves won't stand bangs: but then, I am also

faint glow and outside the station there was a bright group of lights. The river could plainly be seen where red lamps from the various bridges cast a long, red reflection. Also making the river conspicuous were boats which passed up and down with their usual navigation lights on"; (2) "The Embankment was far from in darkness"; (3) "Trafalgar Square . . . a bright ray of light was shining through a skylight"; (4) "Headlamps . . . recorded that some motorists were careless"; (5) Birmingham: "Lights from the G.P.O. sorting office and the upper rooms of boarding houses"; (6) Brighton: "One hotel bedroom shone out like a searchlight"; (7) Leicester: "A shop was ablaze with



CIVIL V. MILITARY GOLF IN GULMARG

The soldiers and the civilians made a drawn battle of it in the recent match over this hill course in Fair Kashmir

The names, l. to r., in the picture are: Captain Wooldridge, Mr. P. Fox, Mr. Grant Govan, Major Keene, Major Tatham, Major Anderson, Mr. Woods, Major Warry, Captain Gareh, Colonel Kennedy, Mr. Chapman, Mr. Mansell, Mr. Henery Lal, Mr. Wagstaffe, Mr. Scott, Captain Pettigrew, Captain Betts, Mr. G. Scott, Mr. Allison, Mr. H. Roberts, Mr. Jasbir Singh, Major Booty, Mr. D. M. Amore, Mr. Rumbold, Colonel Bourke, Mr. McLaren, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Gilson, Mr. Campbell

assured by a medicine-man that shell-fire is quite apt to have a contrary effect and turn people very bloody-minded. It makes some people see red.

\* \* \*

It may be useful to recall that in the last war we got exactly twenty minutes almost to the split second from the warning to the first round. That was not found to be any too long a time within which to douse our glims and make any other preparations which seemed good to us to obscure ourselves. I can vouch for the "twenty minutes" because I have my own records, made with watch, compass, and candle on table. We shall not get anything like twenty minutes' grace next time—probably less than ten—so why not play up and help?

(Continued on page 19)



MRS. MAURICE KINGSCOTE AT THE BATHING PLACE, FUNCHAL

The actual spot is Reid's Hotel at which the other picture on left, which includes Captain Kingscote, was also taken. Mrs. Kingscote had a baddish fall last hunting season, but is now happily well again



Dennis Moss

ANOTHER GROUP AT LORD BATHURST'S PUPPY-SHOW AT CIRENCESTER

Mr. D. E. C. Price, Master and huntsman of the next-door pack, the Cricklade, with Captain and Mrs. Raimes, watching the judging of this beautiful pack of hounds. Lord Bathurst made foxhound history with his Trouncer (1923), twenty-seven lines back to Quorn Alfred and sixty to Coventry Rambler, and a sire of many great "T.R." hounds





LORETTA YOUNG AND  
DAVID NIVEN IN  
"ETERNALLY YOURS"

This Walter Wanger production is so new that no one knows anything about it, for it has not yet been hatched out at Hollywood. One of Loretta Young's latests was the racing adventure *Kentucky*, and David Niven has only just finished a new picture called *The Real Glory*.

THE absent-minded professor and his wife were going out to dine. Just as they got outside the house, the professor put his hand up to his head.

"Wait a minute, dear," he said, "I've forgotten my hat."

He went back into the house and was gone for several minutes. When he finally rejoined his wife he was still without his hat.

His wife eyed her husband's bare head.

"Where's your hat?" she asked. The professor's eyes widened.

"My goodness!" he cried. "Did I forget that, too?"

A barrister became somewhat acrimonious in his cross-examination, but the little woman in the witness-box remained calm.

Eventually the barrister said: "You say you had no education, but you answered my questions smartly enough."

The reply came meekly: "You don't have to be a scholar to answer silly questions."



SALLY EILERS AND CHARLES LAUGHTON LUNCHING  
(VERBOTEN FOR HIM)

The distressing news being that Charles Laughton has got to take off about three stone to play *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*. This picture was presumably taken before the wasting process began. He may be telling his beautiful companion of the horrors of the life of a fashionable jockey. When Charles played the smuggling old scoundrel in *Jamaica Inn*, weight did not matter—now he has got to be almost waspy.

## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE stranger was magnificently attired for golf: leather jerkin, plus-fours, studded shoes, and all the latest gadgets. He strolled from the clubhouse and engaged a caddie to carry his bag of many clubs.

Selecting his driver on the first tee, he addressed the ball confidently, took a mighty swing, and gazed far ahead to discover the ball's flight. But the ball had not moved from his feet. Again he tried, and again failed.

After his third attempt, the golfer turned to his wooden-faced caddie and remarked: "Dashed difficult course, this, isn't it?"

TWO Irishmen worked side by side in a stone quarry, and one of them, Flanagan by name, was careless in handling dynamite one day, and the other, Ryan, was given the job of carrying the sad news to his widow.

"Mrs. Flanagan," said he, "isn't it to-day when the fellow calls for the payment on your husband's life insurance?"

"It is that," was Mrs. Flanagan's reply.

"Well," proceeded Ryan, "ye can snap your fingers at him now."

A snobbish old man was asked by a firm if he'd recommend a certain young man for the job. The reply came:

"Mr. Blank is an excellent young man. He is the son of Major Blank, the grandson of General Blank, the cousin of Sir Henry Blank, the nephew of Lord Blank, and he is otherwise well related."

The firm wrote back:

"Thank you very much for your letter of recommendation concerning Mr. Blank. But we must point out that we require him for clerical work—not for breeding purposes."

HERE is a story from across the "herring-pond."

The play-boy sat in his hotel room, penning a sonnet to his latest love. At two in the morning he picked up the 'phone and called the desk clerk.

"Maybe you can help me," said the play-boy. "I need a word to rhyme with 'sweet.'"

The clerk pondered for a moment.

"How about 'fleet'?" he suggested.

The play-boy gripped the 'phone.

"You leave the navy out of this!" he roared. "This dame is a one-man girl!"

PRIVATE Smith was in trouble again.

"What's the charge this time?" asked the Company Commander.

"Insubordination, sir," said the C.S.M. "On parade this morning Private Smith shouted to his platoon sergeant, 'Kiss me, sergeant!'"

The officer turned to the culprit. "And what have you to say?"

"I reckon I was justified, sir," Smith answered.

"Justified?"

"Yessir," said Smith. "Us privates think we've a right to smell our rum."





## *A Famous Edwardian Roué . . .*

was widely believed to have three baths every morning. The first, the story went, evaporated when he got into it; the second he drank, and the third he washed in. A nephew of this engaging character recently visited our Bond Street\* shop.

He mentioned that some years ago he had smoked three Abdulla No. 11 in quick succession. After the first one he realized that he'd got hold of something rather special; after the second he wondered why he hadn't tried them before, and after the third No. 11 had enslaved him for life. We explained that as Abdulla were always given the first pick of the whole Oriental tobacco crop their cigarettes *ought* to be good. When we added that by smoking Abdullas he helped the government to tilt the balance of trade in desirable directions owing to the British trade agreement with Greece, he said that this was the nicest form of National Service he'd yet struck.

## *Abdullas for choice*

\*Our headquarters are in Bond Street, but you can buy Abdullas anywhere in the world.





THE ALL-IRELAND POLO CLUB TEAM WHICH WAS BEATEN IN THE ALL-IRELAND CUP

This side was defeated by 6 to 3 by the "Hurlingham" invaders who were in actual fact all 15th-19th Hussars (see the other picture). Captain the Hon. Randal Plunkett (right of picture) is Lord Dunsany's son and heir and is in the Guides (Cavalry). The names left to right are: Mr. W. Tyrrell, Mr. John McCann, Mr. John Martin and Captain the Hon. Randal Plunkett

EVERYBODY must have been pleased to see a team sponsored and mounted by that dyed-in-the-wool enthusiast, Mr. W. L. Horbury, win an open cup at Rugby after his Optimists had such a disastrous passage all throughout the London season. There was only one original Optimist in this Rugby side, and that was the "owner," the rest, from various causes, not being available. The side was made up of two first-class regimental players, Captain A. M. Horsbrugh-Porter (12th Lancers) and Captain H. C. Walford (17th-21st Lancers), and one international reserve, Mr. John Lakin. They were all, bar the "owner" and Captain Horsbrugh-Porter, who rode some of his own, mounted on strange ponies, and had therefore no real right to expect to win 10 to 4 against another pretty good scratch team, made up of two Adsdean people, Mr. J. P. Robinson and the Hon. M. R. Samuel, plus Captain the Hon. J. Hamilton-Russell (Royals) and Captain R. W. Hobson (12th Lancers).

The main reason, according to my view, why the original Optimists had such a thin time during the London season was because they were so unevenly balanced. The centre of the team (Raj Kumar Prithi Singh and H.H. the Maharajah of Jaipur) was about four classes above the front end of it, and usually a lot above what was on the back end, whatever it may have happened to be at any particular moment. This never really works, for the pace of a squadron is only that of the slowest horse, ship, and so forth. It might have been better, therefore, not to have had those two streaks of greased lightning, and I feel that more satisfactory results would have been achieved if things had been more homogeneous, and the plan of campaign a little less formidable in its conception. However, I am glad that Mr. Horbury has ended off his adventure with a win, by whatever means it has been achieved, for this game needs all the support it can get, and as the years roll onward this will become more

## POLO NOTES

By "SERREFILE"

and more true. Horace probably would never have been heard of if it had not been for Mæcenas. Smith Minor, I feel, has never really liked the Apulian classic's patron. This, however, may be beside the point, which is that polo cannot afford to lose any of its patrons. Sir Harold Wernher's retirement is for this, and other and very personal reasons also, a bad blow. Someries House will be very badly missed, for Sir Harold Wernher always collected a good side and kept it together without any avoidable alterations in personnel. If polo carries on, I am certain that it will be a great aid to its success if the suggestion put forward in these notes is made polo law. "Leopards" and "Kangaroos" should be compelled to finish up as they started out, and not as some entirely different zoological species. A jaguar never was the least bit like that oafish and harmless animal, the panda.

There is apparently no rest for the diligent, for I note that Brigadier-General Willie Anderson, Hurlingham's polo manager, is having a busman's holiday running the show in Deauville, and doing it first class. Few people realise what a lot of work is entailed on a polo manager, and how difficult it is quite often to get four men on to the ground, let alone eight, even when the dates are all cut and dried. The man who "made a feast in his house" had a walk-over by comparison. The people who benefit by all the hard grind done by the officials do not say "Thank you!" half

often enough. In these are included Colonel Jack Gannon, Hurlingham's centre-pin, Lord Kimberley, who has done the handicapping and refereeing; and the umpires, headed by Public Star No. 1, Major Cox. They all have a power of work to do, and I am not sure that the handicapper has not the toughest row of all to hoe. However, some one who has been twice an International (as Lord Wodehouse, 1909 and 1921) can make lighter weather of it than most, and I think we must take our hats off to Lord Kimberley for the fine results shown. The object of any handicap is to make it a dead-heat for the lot. It never has been achieved, of course, but in polo we get nearer to it than in some other sports. For one thing, all the starters are triers, which is more than can be said of some other kinds of starters. Anyway, handicapping is very laborious and responsible work. Colonel Charles Lister (21st Lancers, and later 17th-21st, and a unit of one of those fine winning teams in the Inter-Regimental), has pulled all his weight and a bit at Roehampton, where they have had a good season, in spite of all the many difficulties and for this, of course, the man who runs it is due credit. Ranelagh, so far as polo is concerned, is now more rather than less an annexe of Hurlingham, and as to other things, a popular playground. And from all accounts doing very nicely, thank you; but many a one will heave a sigh that an old institution should not now be what it used to was. Another case of *sic transit*, and so forth!



Poole, Dublin

### "HURLINGHAM" WIN THE ALL-IRELAND CUP

Mrs. Johnnie O'Rorke, wife of one of Ireland's best polo practitioners, handing the cup to Major Tommy Arnott, the Hurlingham skipper, after the win by 6 to 3. The English side was all 15th-19th Hussars, two of them being from the Regimental team, Major Arnott and Major W. R. N. Hinde, and Mr. K. R. Watt from their subalterns' team. The names left to right in the picture are: Mr. T. D. Wilson, Mr. K. R. Watt, Major T. J. Arnott, Mrs. Johnnie O'Rorke, and Major W. R. N. Hinde



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# IT STAYS ON THE JOB







PLAYING THE LAWN TENNIS-GAME IN  
THE NEW FOREST

Lord Pollington, who is on the right of the picture, is the Earl of Mexborough's only son and a keen tennis player. Lady Pollington is less often seen on the court, but she partnered her husband last week in a match against Sir Donald and Lady Kingdon (left). Sir Donald Kingdon is home from Nigeria, where he has, since 1929, occupied the important post of Chief Justice. The doubtful tennis weather of England this season evidently held no terrors for him and Lady Kingdon after West Africa. They won this match in good style

IT is said that on one occasion when Cochet was partnering "Mr. G." in the South of France, the Frenchman, becoming exhausted by his efforts to cover the whole court, cried out: "A little more to the left, if you please, your Majesty." Whereupon the King of Sweden, turning round from guarding his tram-line at the net, retorted: "You sound like one of my Cabinet meetings!" I remembered that story suddenly last week-end when my host, Peter Howard, whose political column is probably more widely read than the Parliamentary writings of any other journalist, was speaking in admiration of the game of a British Cabinet Minister, tipped by many to be our next Prime Minister. I speak, of course, of Sir Samuel Hoare, who at this moment is enjoying a well-deserved rest upon his Norfolk estates. And for him the greatest enjoyment is a well-matched four at tennis. Peter and his wife, who, as Mlle. Metaxa, won the doubles at Wimbledon, in partnership with her great friend, Mlle. Sigart, as she then was, went over the other day and played with Sir Samuel, and Doris Howard assured me that she had never had a more reliable partner than her host on this occasion. That put new faith into my own heart, for surely reliability is the greatest virtue that any statesman can possess. For my own part, I cannot abide the type of politician who blows now left, and now right. Give me the man who, when he plays ball with an opponent, hits his returns cleanly and surely over the net, and does not try to be too spectacular or too cunning, or—above all—too versatile.

I hope one day I may have the pleasure of playing with Sir Samuel myself. I always remember the kind letter that he wrote me on one occasion when I had produced a little essay on the importance of "guts" in life, citing as an instance of my thesis the time when Sir Samuel, betrayed by his master, Baldwin, over the Abyssinian Pact, went into the wilderness without complaining, serene in the knowledge that he had sincerely done his best for his country—positive, too, that history would, as it has already done, vindicate him and restore him once more to power,

# LAWN TENNIS

By GODFREY WINN

his prestige undimmed and, indeed, increased. All of which, as you know, has already come to pass. It was simply one more example of the importance of taking the long view—hanging on . . . and on . . . and on.

Now it seems to me that this philosophy is just as important on the tennis court as in the game of politics—or, for that matter, in the game that some call life. And I had the truth of this brought sharply home to me that same week-end. By the way, you remember in the Coward play the scrap of dialogue which, discussing the rival merits of China and Norfolk as tourist goals, suggested that China was very large and Norfolk was very flat. Flat, perhaps, but how exquisitely the landscape unfurls at this time of the year, when the ripe harvest and the sheen of the hot August noon (let us put on record that the summer has come at last) make one feel, as the car passes down the highway, that one is having a private, personal view of an exhibition of hitherto undiscovered works by Van Gogh. In the last few weeks it has been my pleasure to find myself both in Lincolnshire

and Suffolk, too, in the course of my work, and never before have I been made so conscious of the natural beauties of our own countryside. As the corn swelled, so did my heart with pride in my birthright. Let those who will, dissolve into ecstasies about the majesty of Mont Blanc, the rapture of sailing into the harbour of Rio de Janeiro in the dawn, the sunny, dry temperature of California, the pleasures of the Côte d'Azur. Give me a cottage, 600 years old, thatched and snug, supported by beams as old again as the house, standing in its own acreage, with a view across the Suffolk wold—a view of barley, and corn and oats; a view of the fruits of the earth that were assuredly intended to be sufficient to sustain the spirit of man, and keep him contented in mind as well as healthy in body. . . . give me what my host, Peter Howard, has secured for himself and his enchanting family, consisting of Philip, aged six, Anne, aged two and a half, and the baby, Anthony, whom I prophesy will one day lead the English pack at Twickenham like his father . . . and I should be utterly, blissfully content. Especially as I should know that a few miles away from this week-end hide-away, where you can verily hear the silence, is to be found behind a high, padlocked gate one of the best hard courts on which it has so far been my good fortune to play my favourite game. It belongs to Dr. and Mrs. O'Meara, whom you will remember by her maiden name of Joan Ridley, and it was



Photos.: Stuart

TENNIS STAR AND A GREAT  
FRIEND ON A HOLIDAY

Miss Peggy Scriven, the well-known tennis player, is taking a seaside holiday and getting as much bathing as the summer will allow. She is seen on the beach at Milford-on-Sea, in Hampshire, with Mr. H. Vivian, who is a master at Clifton and is as keen on this lawn tennis game as she is, but not quite so celebrated!

very pleasant for me to re-establish contact with her, to see her looking as pretty as ever in that traditional English way of roses-and-cream complexion that no other country in the world can hope to emulate, and to discover, too, that she has lost little, if any, of her pace on court, and certainly nothing of her tactical skill and staying power.

Now we are back where we were a long paragraph ago, when I started to give you an example of the importance of "guts" on the tennis court. The example is a challenge which the boys—meaning Peter and myself—issued against the girls, being Peter's wife, Doris, and Dr. O'Meara's wife, Joan, who, a fortnight ago, together in holiday spirit, won the West Sussex Championship at Bury. We would show

(Continued on page viii)



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# THE MIRACLE

By B. L. JACOT

WHEN the sun came up for the fifth day Ustaban knew the end was near. He barely had the strength now to open his lids to the light, and the spirit was so far gone from him; all hope was gone, too. He made no move to scan the Atlantic wastes for a sail.

The gun'le of the ship's lifeboat heaved in the swell, dragging now below the horizon, now climbing high above it to make its own horizon against the leaden vault of the dawn. From under the canvas where he lay in the stern he could see the bare foot of the third mate lurching without life to each heave. The other five were dead and gone from the boat. Without doubt the mate was dead now, too.

Soon Ustaban would be dead. He knew it, for his mind with this awakening to the dawn was strangely queer and light. He was thinking of things as a boy may think of things that concern a stranger. But he knew the stranger was himself, Ustaban Lajas, who at eighteen had already lived a bad life. He knew that now, and wondered if La Fuenta knew it. He had never troubled himself much about her before.

Seven men had managed to get into the boat when the tramp ship *Presidente Gonzales* sank in such a fury of battering seas and shrieking wind as he had never imagined possible. Orteze, the mate, had been his friend, knocking sense into him when he could only cower, waiting for the end—throwing him into the raging seas when the engine-room

(Continued on page 362)

His heart began to race. "Orteze! Orteze!" he croaked. Then the smudge he saw swelled like a nightmare, covering half the blazing sky. He saw the head of La Fuenta, dressed in her mantón de fiesta. In her eyes was that steadfast look of faith. The cruelty of the hallucination racked him









## THE MIRACLE—(Continued from page 360)

blew up, lifting the decks like paper tossed into the wind—dragging him into the boat. Seven of them in the boat and no water at all, no oars . . .

He was thinking now of La Fueta, old enough to be his grandmother, so she always said, but that was not true. In the Spanish-Basque township where he was born everyone knew La Fueta. A fine figure of a woman yet, with her gleaming hair and those steady grey eyes . . . and why not? All her life she had spent in a house of pleasure, with no husband, no children of her own. The *cura* himself said she had a heart of gold. Whatever La Fueta had, was it not always "*Quieren, Ustedes?*" Nothing she would not share, except perhaps her love for Ustaban—the sickly orphan she had taken from the *Refugio* to raise, as the years rolled on, into a fine young man, an *Eskualdunak*.

One of the men, whose leg was broken and horribly torn, died in the first night, and Orteze ordered him overboard. Even then they were crazy with thirst. The boy's mouth was swollen, his tongue riding his front teeth. Those first days were bad, when one had the strength to suffer. Two went mad and fought with knives. Orteze, striking at them with a loose board, sent them toppling over the gun'le. "They were doomed, *Chico*," he said to Ustaban. "Keep a grip on yourself, my *guerrillero*!"

The sun was fierce, the skies copper, and nothing to break the torture. "Never fear, *Chico*," Orteze would say. "We are somewhere a few hundred miles from Brazil. It is only a question of time before we sight a ship." But the thought of water seared him like a flame. Ustaban could think of nothing but water. The touch of it, the smell of it, the heaven-sent coolness. Hour after sun-scorched hour he searched the empty horizon for the smudge that never showed, fighting off despair, yet always thinking of water . . . water . . . water . . .

The mud-plastered *vega* to which La Fueta carried off her foundling to raise with growing and fierce pride under the charge of the old priest, lay at the back of the fountain in the old square. The cobbled street climbed steeply away from La Fueta's many-coloured shutters towards the old grey church. The life of the little town of Jaurranica was linked with centuries-old customs to its mediæval Church of the Blood of Jesus. The simple Basques knew that the Church had been there since the beginning of time. The Sacred Relics, like the *Arbola Santua* at the shrine of the *Eskualdunak* in Guernica, were they not left by Our Saviour to show the way? The Church, the Holy Fathers, the Relics, these made the pattern of life itself to the steadfast faith of the Basques, but especially was the clear faith of La Fueta held unwavering to the Church as she began to grow older.

Ustaban was thinking of La Fueta and her faith now as he lay and waited for death. He could see the distant grey line of the Pyrenees, the yoked bullocks, the rich vineyards, the red *boinas*, the *mantón de fiesta* that La Fueta wore on Saints' Days and for the *Arin-arin*; he could smell the *puchero* in its pot over the wood fires and the fragrance of incense drifting from the Church of the Blood of Jesus; he could hear the crack-crack of *pélota* as they played against the *frontón* of the big *hacienda* on the hill in the cool of the evening.

A few hundred miles from the coast of Brazil. But the sea was always empty. For four days this empty copper vault had been a world of torture cut off from the rest of God's creatures . . . with nothing in sight except the line of the gun'le, rising and falling against the empty horizon.

What was it La Fueta said? In life there must always be first of all *Faith*. "Remember that, *Chico*!" she had always said. "And I who had no son, no mother, no father, shall in the end have someone to be proud of. All things are possible with *Faith*."

From his first understanding of La Fueta's passion for prayer, Ustaban grew to distrust it. He grew to distrust many things in the village—the dark-visaged *cura*, the stealth of the *religieuses* seemingly bloodless under their nun's starching; in time, even, he came to distrust the Miracle itself. Each year as it came to pass on Saints' Day in the little Church of the Blood of Jesus he set himself against it.

But he hid his disbelief when La Fueta laid her hands on his shoulder at such times and, fixing her eyes on him, seemed to see things that were far away. "*Chico*! My only! Thou art a wild one, coming from who knows where. Remember that the best of life arrives not by fighting, not by harsh words and tricks. Have faith and pray to the Blessed Virgin."

Well, the war had come like a pestilence into his boyhood, burning, ravaging, pillaging. Carrying him off in the end. *Anarquistas. Frente Populare*. What did it all mean? No one knew. But Ustaban thought that whatever it was, it was more like the sword than prayer. He learned the way of plundering and killing, and in time got himself out of the country and about the world in ships. What of La Fueta? What of Jaurranica? Of the Church and its Vase? In his hardened heart Ustaban had scarcely paused to wonder. Until now.

A low moaning came from the inert figure up in the bows. With an effort the boy raised his head. Orteze, then, was not yet dead, but he was not moving, and soon his dry moaning ceased. Ustaban managed to stand and, clutching weakly at the lashings, scanned the horizon. The sun was now well up and over to the south . . .

His heart began to race. "*Orteze! Orteze!*" he croaked. Then the smudge he saw swelled like a nightmare, covering half the blazing sky. He saw the fine head of La Fueta, dressed in her *mantón de fiesta*. In her eyes was that steadfast look of faith. The cruelty of the hallucination racked him.

His body collapsed on to the boards. He wished to die, to end it all. He had lived a bad life. La Fueta would be ashamed of him. The old priest. Everyone. Only let him die; if that was to be his sinner's reward, as the old *cura* said, let the reward come swiftly. . . . A vision began to take shape.

*On the altar at the far end of the dim Church of the Blood of Jesus the Sacred Vase . . . the Day of the Holy Saints . . . the women and the men of the village bent with piety.*

The boy could see it all now that he was going to die.

*The devout touch of the Holy Water, fingers move as they sprinkle the precious drops, then, moving on in that Faith-entranced file, each pauses for a moment of ecstasy to look into the Vase. Incense burns, the dim light falls from the mediæval stained glass in the high windows. . . .*

Clearly now the boy could see the faces of those who walked, seeing nothing, hearing nothing, heeding nothing. They had seen the *Miracle*. The congealed blood of Jesus, they had seen it turn to its warm red liquid in the Sacred Vase. Above all he could see the steadfast grey eyes of La Fueta, the woman who had taken him from the *Refugio* because she had no son of her own.

"*Chico*, my only! In the hard corners of life turn to the Blessed Virgin. She had a son. She will hear your prayers."

The gun'le rose above the horizon and sank into a trough. The bare foot of Orteze tapped on the boards. To open his eyes he had to rub them now with his hands. There was no hope. He was dying, and at eighteen it was hard to die. Turning his face, he began to pray. He prayed wildly to the Blessed Virgin . . . mouthing words . . . of the Holy Fathers . . . of La Fueta . . . of the Miracle of the Blood of Jesus. But mostly of water. *Water*.

It was years since he had prayed. When he had finished, some hidden strength coming from the Faith of his childhood raised him to look for the ship the Virgin would send.

The seas were empty. Unchanging day after day. Empty.

Despair took him, and this time he knew he could not hold against it. He groped to the gun'le and toppled his gaunt body into the sea, opening his mouth—his throat—wide to the salt . . . and to death.

He rose out of the waves, fighting to keep afloat. He hooked an arm on to the boat and bent his head to suck greedily at the water, swallowing and sucking again. "*Orteze! Orteze!*" he cried. "*Water!* Fresh water sent by the Holy Mother in answer to my prayer! *Madre! Madre!* That I should have doubted!"

Orteze, roused by the water splashed into his face, sat up and drank from the dipper the boy held against his cracked lips. "Drink, Orteze!" Ustaban was imploring, "before the Blessed Virgin takes it back! Water—fresh water—it surrounds the boat! I swear it!"

The mate drank. He drank again, and disbelief still showed in his eyes. Then suddenly it came to him. What every shellback along the coast knows. "*Chico!*" he croaked. "Even three hundred miles out at sea you will find it! Fresh water from the Amazon! We are safe, little one! Fresh water sent us by the mighty river!"

The boy did not hear him. A gaunt figure, standing alone in his dripping rags against the limitless sweep of the empty seas, his chin was uplifted and in his eyes the lamp of faith, newly-kindled, shone clear. "*Madre!*" he was thinking. "Your way is the right way. When the war came on me I was young. I did not know. *Madre! Madre!*"



# The ever-pleasant background

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# PETROL VAPOUR

By  
W. G. McMINNIES

## First Neck-and-Neck Hill-Climb.

**S**HELSLEY WALSH, Worcestershire hill-climb centre, features a new and breath-snatching attraction in its September 9 programme. Sandwiched in among the speed-car events is a neck-and-neck motor-cycle climb. This should be terrific, for the road is not very wide, and the bends will provide thrilling opportunities for jockey-ship. I'm told that experimental runs with as many as three riders abreast have proved that the plan is practical.

Personally, I'm all for varying the entertainment at this sort of event. In the usual way, competitors do more or less the same thing again and again, and unless you've got a personal interest in the climb, the programme becomes monotonous. It's rather like seeing the same bunch of actors do the same turns the whole evening. So this neck-and-neck racing is a welcome change. Later, let's hope, other surprise items will be introduced. For instance, I suggested to Leslie Wilson that a relay race might produce amusing results.

## Globe-Trotter No. 1.

**A**mong spectators at a recent Prescott hill-climb, was George Heath, director of Rootes, Ltd., recently returned from the States, where, in a month, he had travelled nearly 30,000 miles, principally by air. His daughter Doris, a hill-climbing exponent of note at Shelsley a few years ago, had been astonished by receiving a cable from her father in San Francisco, or somewhere on the Pacific Ocean, saying that he'd be home in three days. "Pop must be crazy," she thought, but like a dutiful daughter, went to meet him at the appointed place and time. At which the redoubtable George appeared on the tick, looking as if nothing unusual had happened. He'd only flown across America and crossed the Atlantic in one of the "Clippers," the first Englishman to avail himself of this new link in transportation.

## Plastic Bodies?

**A**n article in an American journal describes the progress being made in the application of plastics to the fuselages and wings of aircraft. The plastic material is said to be ten times as strong as stainless steel. It does not chip or corrode, and resists water, oil and acids. Its basic ingredients are cheap and, in part, quite common. It can be finished to a higher degree of smoothness than sheet-metal, and can be produced rapidly and in quantity to the desired form. The article does not deal with the possibilities of this wonderful new material when applied to

motor-car bodies. But it would appear to be most suitable for this purpose, and the fact that the colour compound is mixed up in the material would seem to point to the possibility of eliminating the costly processes of smoothing, drying and painting metal panel-work.

## Two Months to the Motor Show.

**S**omehow, I don't think we shall see any very exciting changes or innovations at Earl's Court in October. True, at the beginning of this year rumours were floating round that various concerns were toying with cars of five or six horse-power. But, unless a reduction in power is accom-

panied by a reduction in weight and in overall dimensions—i.e., cars are built with a greater percentage of their total area devoted to passenger and luggage accommodation—the use of a smaller engine in a standard type of 8-h.p. chassis only achieves a small saving in petrol and a decrease in performance. No, if advancement comes on these lines, the smaller engine must be given less work to do. Weight will be reduced by designing the car on more compact lines, the limiting factor always being the floor and head space to be occupied by two or four human beings of average dimensions.

From what I gather, therefore, I don't expect to see a covey of new midget engines at the show. For one thing, cars with 5- or 6-h.p. engines will cost almost as much to build as the "sevens" and "eights."

But the public will expect to pay less for them. They would have to be manufactured in immense numbers, and their sales would cut into the already well-established and perfectly satisfactory 8- and 10-h.p. family-car market.

## The Cook and the Cars.

**T**his is a true story. In America, a good cook may command a salary of £200-£250 a year, and naturally owns her own car. Such a one was being interviewed by her prospective mistress, and after having approved the kitchen and her quarters, asked to see the garage for her car. It was a good big garage, and drawn up on one side was the mistress's car, one of the popular makes in the States. On seeing this car, the cook asked whose it was, and on being told, instantly informed the lady of the house that she couldn't possibly work in a place where they both owned cars of the same make! I did not gather from the story as to whether the cook thought her mistress should have a better or worse car than her own.



CUBBING IN SOUTH OXFORDSHIRE

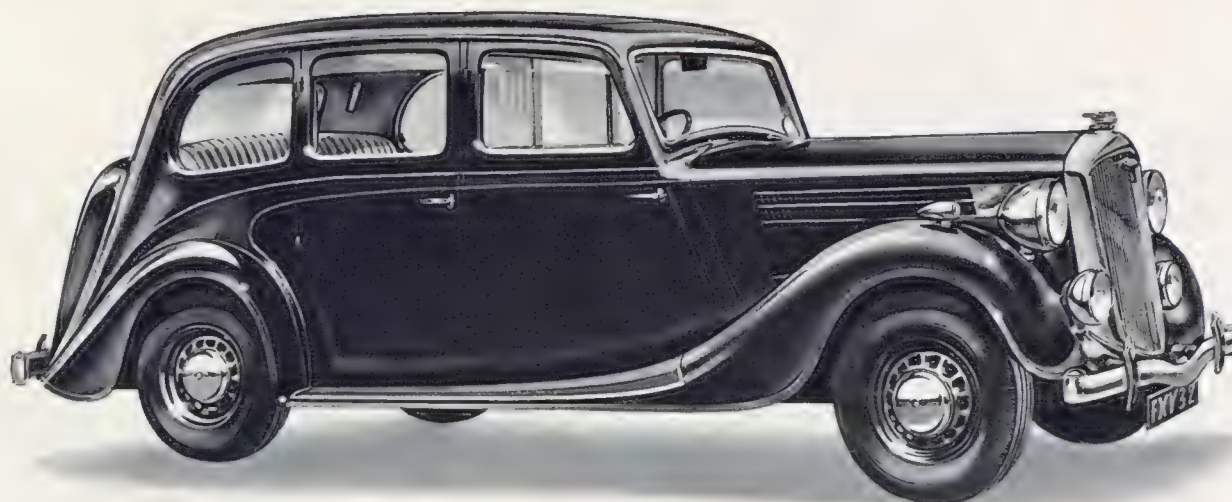
A 6 a.m. snapshot of the joint-Master and huntsman of these hounds, Captain R. G. Fanshawe, and Mrs. Fanshawe and, centre, Captain E. Worrall at Forest Hill. Captain Fanshawe, formerly 16th-5th Lancers, joined Mrs. A. G. Elliot in the Mastership of the South Oxfordshire in 1938



SIR LOUIS BEALE AT THE BRITISH PAVILION AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Sir Louis Beale is the Commissioner-General for his Majesty's Government at the New York World's Fair, and has held many important offices in connection with Overseas Trade in divers parts of the world. The car is a Humber "Imperial" Saloon, and was supplied by Messrs. Rootes, Ltd., of Piccadilly





*Wolseley 25 hp. Single Limousine. £420*

## P R I V A T E

**B**ETWEEN the driving seat and the deeply upholstered rear seats of this car is a sealed partition with sliding glass panels. Chauffeur-driven it becomes an extension of your private office—intimate and silent. For touring, with the glass panels aside, the car becomes the normal saloon. Normal, that is to

say, in that conversation can be general. The power, speed and soft-riding comfort are distinctly abnormal. And here lies the utility and distinction of this car. From Monday to Friday it is a town carriage, at week-ends a fast tourer—two cars in one and at an extremely reasonable price.

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Longleys



# AIR EDDIES : : By OLIVER STEWART

## Bad Weather.

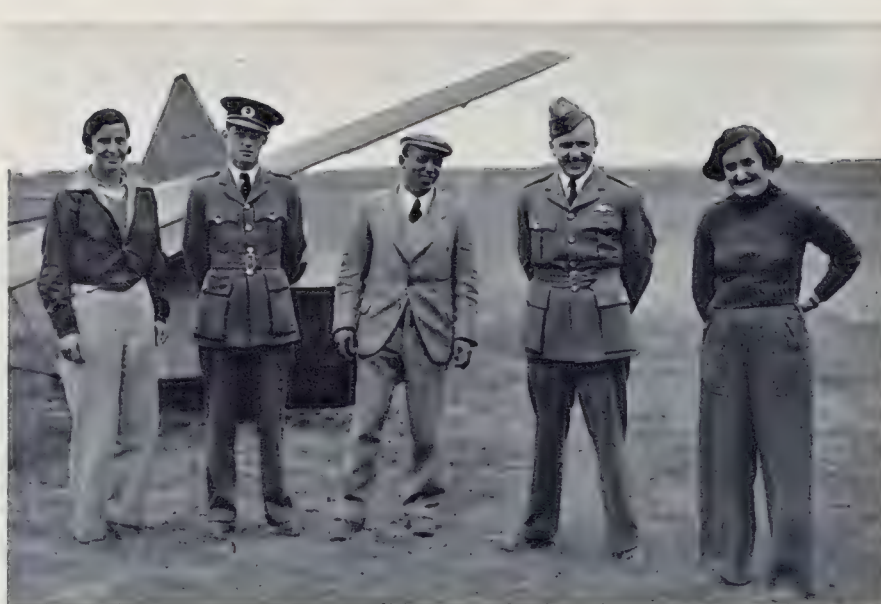
THE whole instinctively terrifying technique of English cooking is founded on the national belief that if a thing is very unpleasant, it must be "good for you." It is a theory which is applied to many other things besides cooking. Drinking and making love, for instance, are activities which acquire a fleeting immunity from persecution by prying prudes, only when they take place under conditions of furtiveness and acute discomfort. It must be a tremendous satisfaction to our home-grown moralists to see small children standing outside public-houses when their parents are inside and to know that they have been responsible for that state of affairs. It is—or used to be—the same with the weather. It is miserably unpleasant for a large part of the year and therefore "good for us." But now there are the results of those air exercises a fortnight ago to complicate the issue. The untrustworthiness of our weather, with its tendency towards fog and cloud, may be good for us, but it now looks as if it would also be good for our enemies in time of war.

It used to be said that low clouds, fog and rain, were a protection against bombing attacks from the air. It now seems that they are nothing of the sort. On the contrary, if I interpret the results of the air exercises correctly, it seems that the most successful bombing attacks launched on this country would be ones in which the machines approached their targets within clouds or fog, flying entirely by their instruments.

## Instrument-Flying.

I look on these exercises as the first public demonstration of the influence upon war which the development of instrument-flying is likely to have. Instrument-flying has now reached the stage when a skilled bomber crew might leave an aerodrome in Germany, enter clouds and, without once emerging, fly to London and drop their bombs on it and return to Germany. It is, of course, indiscriminate bombing, in that no specific object is sighted. But it can easily be argued to-day that the whole of London is in effect a military objective. Consequently, it would be worth bombing any part of it. Raids of that kind could not be intercepted. Our weather would enable them to be made fairly frequently. The height of the balloon barrage is limited. In face of that can we any longer say that our weather is good for us?

Apart from these cloud-raids, however, the defences are doing well. I was greatly impressed by the large number of interceptions made by the fighters when the weather was fine. For the bombers were modern, fast machines, and they had fairly wide scope as to course. Finally, I think that the exercises demonstrated convincingly the high quality of both the men and the material in our present-day Royal Air Force. The flying was of the



AT STOKENCHURCH AIR DEFENCE CADETS' CAMP

Above are pictured officials of the Air Defence Cadets' camp at Stokenchurch, near High Wycombe. Stokenchurch is the headquarters of the Oxford University and City Gliding Club, and the Cadets are getting their baptism of flight in the camp. The names, l. to r., are: Miss B. Nicklin, Flying-Officer E. G. Powell, Mr. Robert Kronfeld, the famous Channel glider, Flight-Lieut. W. Ackers and Miss Joan Burchard

highest standard, and although there were those five fatal accidents, they were genuine accidents, holding no implications of inefficiency or imperfect equipment. Moreover, if the hours flown were known, I believe that the accident rate would be found to have been reduced compared with exercises in previous years.

## Racing.

It is satisfactory, in these days, to be able occasionally to get away from the Service side of flying to the civil side. On September 2, at Birmingham, we are to have the King's Cup air race and the race for the Wakefield Challenge Trophy. The entries are not particularly

good, but they should provide a sufficient number of "pieces" for the handicappers to shift about. It is really, as somebody said, a form of handicappers' halma this year, for the heats are arranged to give the handicappers the opportunity of readjusting their times and so of preventing any ingenious pilot from deceiving them.

I cannot accept this as a satisfactory sort of race. It seems to be devised under the mistaken idea that, if you can bring a number of machines across the finishing-line close together, you have a good race. But there is more to it than that. There must be some test of quality in man or machine. I cannot detect any such test in this year's event. All the same, I accept it because with armaments taking up so much time it is impossible to introduce reforms into sport. It is a pity, however, that no race similar to the *Coupe Deutsch* is run in this country. For this the entries are often small, and the winner often goes right away from the field, but it has been of the utmost value in developing the low-powered, high-speed aeroplane in France and has given a useful stimulus to aerodynamic progress.

## Aerodynamics of Sail.

Those who followed the fortunes of the 12-metre yachts during this season must have been struck by the great changes in the shape and arrangement of sails that have been brought about through the application of aerodynamic theory to yacht design. In this country Mr. C. R. Fairey was the first to take the matter up thoroughly, with the aid of a special wind-tunnel.

One of the things that is most remarkable is the use of the slot-effect in sails. I know nothing about sailing, so I hope my readers will forgive me if I use the wrong terms, but the sail which is, I think, called the "reaching jib" provides, in its modern form as I saw it in use on *Vim*, *Tomahawk*, and others in the Solent a few weeks ago, a perfect example of the aerodynamic slot-effect. The sail comes back far past the leading edge of the main sail, whereas the yachts of years ago had their jibs ending near the leading edge of the main sail. That slot effect was the kind of thing that might never have been discovered without modern aerodynamic knowledge and experience.



"FLYING COSMETISTE"

Miss Jacqueline Cochran, the original of this picture, is known in the States as the "flying cosmetiste." She is seen here stepping from the cockpit of her new aircraft, a Seversky pursuit plane with a 1000-h.p. fourteen-cylinder "Wasp" engine. In this machine she will attempt to repeat her remarkable performance of last year, when she won the Bendix 2500-mile trans-Continental race in competition with crack men pilots



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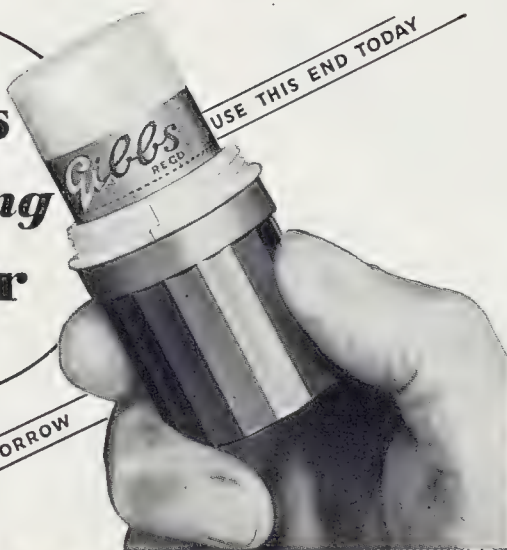
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# The Highway of FASHION

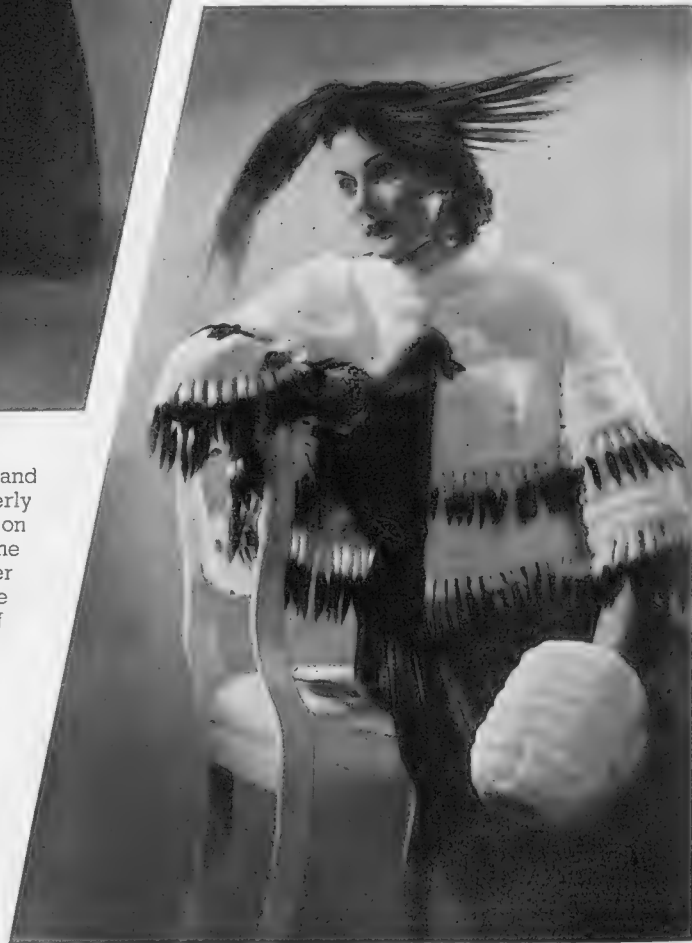
THE furs at Bradleys, Chepstow Place, are always exceptionally beautiful. The skins are specially chosen and worked in an artistic and unusual manner, and the wraps are always helpful to the figure. Furthermore every woman will welcome the news that special summer prices prevail until September 9, even for the models which have only recently arrived in these salons. They would of course, be stored free of charge until the cold weather arrives



SURELY nothing could be more lovely than the wrap in the centre of the page. It is of white Russian ermine enriched with silver fox, and represents the height of luxury and glamour. The cape at the foot of the page on the right is of white Russian ermine, trimmed with natural tails. The muff adds to its charm. The mink wraps and coats are equally beautiful and skilfully worked. To possess a fur from Bradleys is the ambition of every woman



WHITE Russian ermine and kolinsky are cleverly introduced in the model on the left; here is a fine instance of the clever working of skins. The vertical arrangement of the ermine has a slimming effect, while the kolinsky emphasizes the correct arm silhouette. This idea could be repeated in other fur alliances



Pictures by Blake





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Choose NOW one of  
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Trimmed Coats in next  
season's styles.

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GUINEAS EACH

*Styled in the advance silhouette  
these superbly Tailored Autumn  
Coats are worth many guineas  
more than the modest figure at  
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splendid quality black-boucle  
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three sizes and fittings for most  
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# DETAIL *makes the* DIFFERENCE

PERFECTLY tailored and cut is the tweed ensemble on the left from Finnigans. It consists of a skirt and long coat. The former is straight, but so arranged that the movements of the wearer are never handicapped, while the latter has a slenderizing swing back. And the price? Well, it is 14½ guineas. The pullover below is made of fingering yarn with cotton crochet collar and miniature handkerchief. It costs 35s. 6d., while the very fine striped jersey on the right is a guinea



SUMMER days are passing and autumn is rapidly approaching, therefore a visit to Finnigans, New Bond Street, is essential. They have cashmere pullovers and cardigans in the loveliest of colours and there are others of alpaca—not quite so warm but very decorative. Again there are large silk squares in unusual designs and colours. They are very light in weight. Neither must it be forgotten that this firm excels in footwear for sports and country wear as well as in decorative affairs for cruising and the beach

*Pictures by Blake*



# daredevil 'miami'

Flame-bright, summer-light, daredevil  
by day, tender by night — Miami,  
Outdoor Girl's holiday lipstick shade!  
It's keyed to  
summer dress colours —  
vivid with pastels, gay with bold,  
buccaneer colours. And its base of  
fragrant olive oil keeps lips soft  
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— makes colour come a-l-i-v-e on your lips!

## OUTDOOR GIRL

OLIVE OIL LIPSTICK 2/6, 1/.

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**FACE  
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Agencies everywhere. Write for illustrated catalogue.





FRENCH BULLDOG

Property of Mrs. Sugden

and their possible fate not one of the least troubles of war. However, there is no need for panic. A member of a firm manufacturing one of the best dog foods told me his firm had enough food in stock to last three years, without any question of using human food, so no one need do anything in a hurry.

Lady Faudel Phillips has an hereditary interest in Chows. Her grandmother, Lady Huntly, owned one of the first Chows ever imported; Lady Faudel Phillips exhibited one herself at the age of fourteen at one of our shows; and Miss Faudel Phillips is well known as one of the most capable judges of Chows. With all this knowledge of the breed it is no wonder that Lady Faudel Phillips owns one of the best known and most successful kennels there is. Many famous winners have been bred and shown by her. She is desirous of reducing her kennels so is offering a very high-class draft for sale, including several well-known prize winners at most moderate prices. These dogs are all in good condition, up to show form and can be seen by appointment. The photograph is of Kang He of Amwell, a big winner, who is in the sale.

The French Bulldog makes a particularly good companion for ordinary individuals, by which I mean ordinary people, who

## LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION NOTES

It is interesting to watch the reactions of people to the question of what would become of their dogs if war came. First, there are the owners of commercial kennels, which would go at once when their value went. Secondly, there are those who are fond of their dogs up to a certain point, but who could not be bothered with them if they were a trouble. Lastly, come those of us to whom our dogs are our friends and companions,

like a walk and a certain amount of exercise, and a comfortable house to return to, as all this is the ideal of the French Bulldog also. His mind is not set on racing over ploughed fields or digging out rabbits, in fact I fear he does not belong to the "Keep Fit" Brigade, which makes him much pleasanter as a companion, as you know he is happy and contented with what contents you. He

has, as his appearance shows, a large share of brain,

and is altogether a civilized and sophisticated member of society. Mrs. Sugden owns a very famous kennel and her winners are well known to us. She is moving house at present so has some nice pups, well bred and well reared, for sale.

The Dandie is a dog of individuality; both in appearance and character he is rather different to other dogs. He is highly intelligent and devoted to his own people but not specially so to strangers. He is also game and determined. Miss Glaisby owns a small and successful kennel of Dandies; she writes as follows: "Do you know of any one who wants a very nice Dandie bitch? I have one, very attractive, sweet disposition. I had sold her to a lady who has been taken ill and cannot have her. She is house trained, very good tempered, quite fearless, and goes nicely on a lead." She is up to show form, but Miss Glaisby is only asking a very moderate price for this lady as she has not time to attend many shows owing to her successful boarding kennel, which is at Longfield, Kent. Visitors can see over this kennel at any time, and it is undoubtedly true that a great deal of profitable pleasure will be derived from such a visit as the dogs are admirable specimens of their breed.

Letters to Miss Bruce, Nuthooks, Cadnam, Southampton.



KANG HE OF AMWELL

Property of Lady Faudel Phillips



DANDIE

Property of Miss Glaisby

## Pictures in the Fire—(Continued from page 353)

We all like to be let in behind the scenes at times, do not we? For instance, in company with many another film fanatic, I have

always been puzzled about how that most realistic shooting is done—bullets making patterns all round the hero's head, smashing the glass out of which he is drinking, drilling a hole in his stetson and such like. Now we are permitted to know, thanks to the kindness of the "Powder and Effects" department of First National Films. Let us get a load of this:

"Round bullet holes have been bothering Fred Ponedel, foreman of the 'Powder and Effects' department at the First National studios for many months. 'Shootin' in the pictures is popular again,' he says, 'and we haven't improved our bullet holes in five years.' To the 'Powder and Effects' department this isn't as unimportant as it may sound. With the hero crowded into a tight corner and bullets biting into the walls behind him, it is the duty of Ponedel and his associates to see that the holes those bullets seem to make are realistic. Under the present methods of showing bullets striking wood or plaster only inches from an expensive head, the holes that appear are round. Experiments, according to Ponedel, show that they should be slightly ragged, uneven and, at times, a bit lopsided. He has pictures made during the gun battles in *Dodge City*, *You Can't Get Away With Murder*, and *Each Dawn I Die*, and, in each of them, the bullets that have missed the players left perfectly round holes in the background. The holes were put there first with a gimlet, filled with a small charge of powder and sealed over to look like the original surface. These were exploded electrically from behind the scene. It has all been reduced to a simple system and it works perfectly.



"IN GOOD KING CHARLES'S GOLDEN DAYS"

Three of the leading lights in George Bernard Shaw's latest and very amusing conversation piece, produced at the Malvern Festival, on the same day as the grouse. Left to right: Yvonne Arnaud, who gives an admirable performance as the Duchess of Portsmouth, Herbert Lomas as Fox, and Eileen Beldon, a most attractive Nell Gwynn

## ROUND ABOUT NOTES

Friends of The Poor, 42 Ebury Street, S.W.1, appeal for £6 5s. towards buying a wheel chair for a young married man of thirty. His is a tragic

story; four years ago one of his feet was amputated, but he managed very pluckily to get about on crutches and secured the post of night watchman with his old firm. Unfortunately he had another accident, injured his other leg, and now is unable to get about at all. He has only been outside his house once in nine months. There are three young children in the family and their father is most anxious to help towards their upkeep. His former employers have promised £6 5s., half the cost of a wheel chair, and the Friends of the Poor are most anxious to raise the rest. Please help them.

We much regret that under the picture of the group at the christening of Lord and Lady Oranmore and Browne's son, in our issue of last week, the Archbishop of Tuam, the Most Rev. Thomas P. Gilmartin, was said to have conducted the ceremony. The photographer was misinformed, and the caption should have read: "The Archdeacon of Tuam."

*Golden Gloves*, the Universal picture which General Film Distributors Limited presented at the London Pavilion on Monday, August 21, stars Victor McLaglen in one of his most powerful roles as an ex-champion prizefighter. Based on an original story by Gordon Kahn, this picture, although it boasts the authentic atmosphere of the boxing ring and training quarters, deals primarily with the sacrifice made by the gallant old ex-champ in an attempt to save the reputation of his son. He is faced with a problem of honour when he discovers that his son has embezzled a huge sum of money and must replace it immediately to prevent a scandal and subsequent imprisonment. As the manager of a boxer about to engage in a championship match, the old prizefighter realizes that he can keep his son from disgrace by betting on his candidate to lose and then doping him to make a certainty of it. A horrid dilemma!



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## WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS



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Scottish Borderers, elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel C. G. Crosthwaite, C.B.E., and Mrs. Crosthwaite, of Oberdeben, Woodbridge, Suffolk, and Grizel Kinloch, younger daughter of the late Mr. David Landale and Mrs. Landale, of Dalswinton, Dumfriesshire; Captain H. O. S. Herdon, The Royal Warwickshire Regiment, only son of Major-General Hugh Herdon, C.B., C.I.E., and Mrs. Herdon, Ashmoor, Crowthorne, Berks, and Sheena Nellice, elder daughter of Colonel A. C. H. MacLean, C.B.E., and the late Mrs. J. C. MacLean, and stepdaughter of Mrs. H. M. MacLean, 21 Curzon Street, W.1; Mr. I. H. Sanderson, The Royal Tank Regiment, eldest son of the late Mr. F. I. Sanderson and Mrs. Sanderson, of Northmead, Farnham Common, and

A Wedding in Toronto next month. Mr. J. L. Stride, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Stride, of Haywards Heath, will marry Penelope Anne Bennett, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. James Bennett, of Toronto. The wedding will take place on September 7, at York Mills, Toronto.

## Recent Engagements.

Captain J. K. Shepherd, R.E., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Shepherd, of Broadstone, Dorset, and Maureen, youngest daughter of the late Captain Robert M. Bowen-Colthurst of Killinardish, Co. Cork, and Mrs. Bowen-Colthurst of Vernons Chapel, Colchester; Captain R. M. Crosthwaite, The King's Own



Hay Wrightson  
LADY ANN MONTAGU STUART WORTLEY

Who recently became engaged to Commander V. R. S. Bowlby, son of Colonel and Mrs. Bowlby, of Tunbridge Wells. Lady Ann Stuart Wortley is the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Wharnccliffe of Wortley Hall, Sheffield

Dorna Marie Bambridge, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bambridge, of Madras, S. India; Mr. R. C. G. Slazenger, only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. L. Slazenger, Princes Gardens, S.W.7 and Sandwich Bay, Kent, and Gwendolene Margaret, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. Ashcroft, of Stony Middleton, Derbyshire; Major J. H. Walford, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Walford, of The Old House, Wolverton, Basingstoke,

Hants, and Diana Myrtle, elder daughter of Sir Strati and Lady Ralli, of Beaurepaire Park, Basingstoke, Hants; Mr. A. Jermy Gwyn, eldest son of Major and Mrs. R. P. Jermy Gwyn, formerly of Stanfield Hall, Norfolk, and Diana Hamilton-Wedderburn, eldest daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. Hamilton-Wedderburn, Chelsea Square, S.W.3; Mr. N. M. McElligott, Royal Air Force, only son of Mr. Justice McElligott, K.C., of the County Club, Limerick, and Mrs. McElligott, and Suzanne, only daughter of Air Marshal and Mrs. A. S. Barratt, of Eastfield House, Andover, Hants; Mr. S. D. W. Seaver, Royal Tank Regiment, eldest son of Colonel C. D. K. Seaver, V.H.S., late R.A.M.C., and Mrs. Seaver, and Hope Leslie Key, elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel B. W. Key, D.S.O., M.C., 2nd Royal Battalion (Ludhiana Sikhs) 11th Sikh Regiment, and Mrs. Key; Major A. G. Lawe, The Lincolnshire Regiment, son of the late Rev. A. G. Lawe and of Mrs. Lawe, and Joan Margaret, only daughter of Dr. Henry Robinson, D.L., J.P., and Mrs. Robinson, of Abbey Wells, Woolton Hill, Newbury.



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## Lawn Tennis—(Continued from page 358)


them the superiority of the male, we boasted, as on the drive over, we stopped and bought several, and as we licked the ice-cream, at the same time metaphorically licked our chops, tasting victory. Alas, for our masculine vanity. After two hours of what a newspaper reporter would inevitably define as a titanic struggle, the boys lost by the sort of score that is common enough in a ladies' double of 6-8, 6-4, 10-8. And we deserved to lose, for the simple reason that we were less pertinacious than the ladies, whom we led by the odd game in the last set right up till eight-all (or was it seven-all?) and still we could not nose home, though we had a match point at 7-6, when Joan Ridley that was, taking courage from a hundred hazardous battles in the past, hoisted a perfect lob that defeated our joint racquets, like a maddening mosquito, just out of reach, on a stiflingly hot night. And how hot I was and how exhausted long before the end, and how, eternally, in future, I shall respect the strength of two determined ladies in partnership, who have not allowed marriage and motherhood to interfere with their passionate zeal for winning love games.

It is true that my partner on this occasion has only recently taken up tennis seriously under the expert, patient guidance of Jeffery, the leading professional of Melbury, but the fact remains that we lost a match that we should have won, and I became just as demoralized as Peter before the end. Thinking it over, in cool retrospect, I was once more struck by the superior tenacity of the female of the species, who, as in life, never "packs-up," in the way that so many men do, but will hang on stubbornly, irritatingly, irrationally, ever refusing to admit that the battle is lost until the final point has been surrendered. And that is one of the chief reasons, I am positive, why although at the present moment we have at least half a dozen girls who can hold their own in the best company in the world, we don't possess a single man, now that Bunny Austin has gone over into Dr. Buchman's camp, who either looks like a champion on court, or plays like one. Look at the way that Wilde and Hare petered out against the Americans, Cooke and Riggs, in the final at Wimbledon. No one is going to suggest that the Americans were in the same class as a pair as their predecessors like Budge and Mako, or Allison and Van Ryn. Indeed, all the American papers that I have seen these last few weeks completely dismiss their prospects of representing America as a pair in the challenge round of the Davis Cup. But even a second-rate doubles pair from America, is good enough these days to defeat the best couple that our own country can produce.

Let us turn from the sad contemplation of our masculine degeneracy on the centre court, and return again to that pleasant court in Bury St. Edmunds, where upon a Sunday morning, we enjoyed two hours of wholesome exercise that I can't help feeling did us more good than a visit to church. At any rate, we were all in a most mellow mood, when afterwards the O'Mearas entertained us and quenched our mutual thirst upon the lawn of their pleasant, friendly home. Our host poured water out of a magnificent silver jug, that subsequently I discovered had been Joan's reward for a trip a few years back to Philadelphia, when she and Elsie Pittman mopped up everything between them. That was the season you will recall, maybe, when the L.T.A., living up to its name for favouritism and incompetency, passed over the claims of these two girls, whose partnership had been the success of that particular season, when choosing the Wightman Cup team. So, undaunted and unheralded they made the trip on their own, paying their own expenses, and had the sweet satisfaction of scoring triumphs everywhere. And for the rest of her life, every morning when she comes down to breakfast, Joan O'Meara will be able to glance at her dining-room sideboard, that is borne down with a really magnificent array of silver cups, and say to herself: well, I was one of the sensible ones. I got out of the game while the going was still good. I didn't hang on after my prime. I realized that there were other things in life besides hitting a tennis ball over the net.

Oh, I've said it all myself before: I've tried again and again to point out the tragedy of the star, in any branch of life, who tries to repeat the same success too often, forgetting the claims of a younger generation. As I was leaving the O'Mearas' lovely garden, I complimented Joan once more on the way in which she had played against us, and suggested that she should still appear at Wimbledon, even if she had not the time now or desire to play in a succession of tournaments. To which she replied, and I would like the words to be read by at least a dozen women players I could mention by name but, of course, won't: "I don't think it's fair to take a place that might be given otherwise to some youngster who needs the experience and encouragement." How I agree with these sentiments. And how I wish they were more general among women stars of the past, who are too greedy about the present. Of course, I don't count Mrs. Peter Howard herself in that category, because though it is true she reached the final at Wimbledon for the first time several years ago now, she is hitting her famous forehand drive with all her old vigour, now that her maternal cares can be to some extent relegated. And if only she can find time to play regularly in tournaments next season, I should not be surprised to see her making further tennis history yet.

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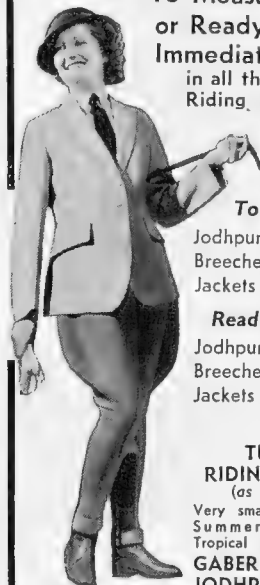
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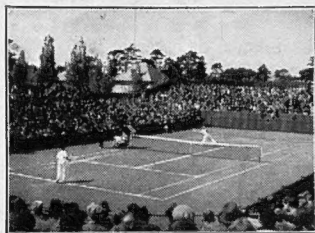
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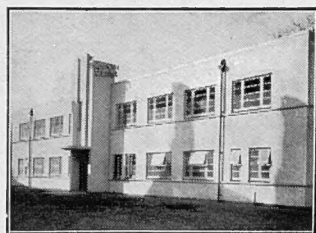
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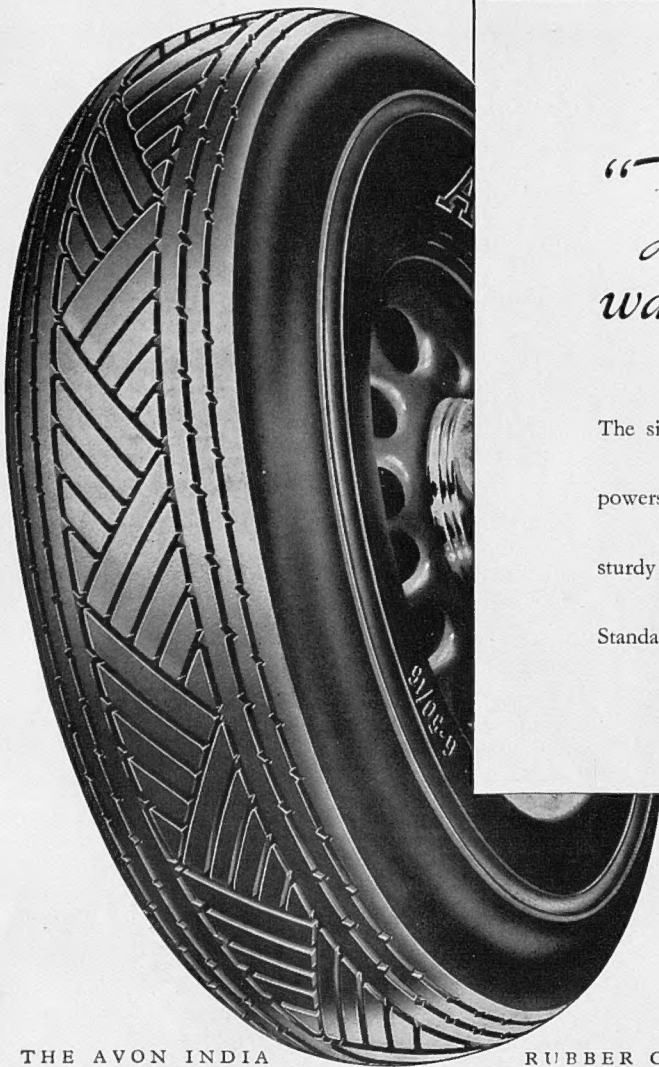
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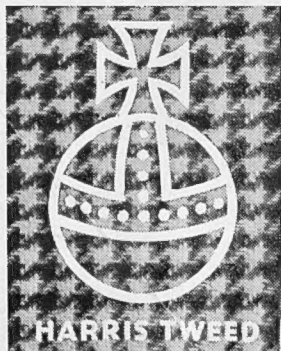


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## CONTINENTAL HOTELS

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**Antibes.**—Grand Hotel du Cap D'Antibes et Pavillon Eden-Roc, unique situation, between Cannes and Nice.

**Cap Martin.**—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus ser. with Monte-Carlo & Menton. Ten. Swim. Pool. Priv. Park. Inc. fr. 120 Fr., with bath fr. 140 Fr.

**Le Touquet.**—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every possible comfort. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

**Le Touquet (P. de C.).**—Golf Hotel.—Facing links. New lounge and American bar. Special privilege of daily green free.

**Le Touquet.**—Hotel Regina.—Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st-class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

**Monte-Carlo.**—Hotel Terminus Palace.—1st cl. Sea front. Fac. Casino gardens. Weekly terms incl. tips & tax from £4.4.0. With priv. bath £5

### GERMANY

**Baden-Baden (Black Forest).**—Brenners Parkhotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe.

**Baden-Baden.**—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices moderate.

**Bad Gastein.**—Hotel des Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel situated amidst own park.

**Bad Gastein.**—Hotel Straubinger.—First-class family hotel, 200 rooms. Thermal-bath in hotel, garage. Pension from RM. 10 upwards.

**Bad Nauheim.**—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcr. baths and Kurpark, 150 rooms, 50 baths. Pension from RM. 11.

**Cologne.**—Schweizerhof, Victoriast. 11.—100 beds, all mod. comf., garage. A.A. hotel. Qt. sit., home fr. home. Incl. trns. fr. RM. 7.00.

**Dresden.**—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. hotel. Dir. pos. on River Elbe. Gdn., Pk., Terraces, Bar, Orchestra, Gar. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

**Dusseldorf.**—Breidenbacher Hof.—L. ht. World ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 r. fr. 6-75 Pr. B. fr. 9.

**Franzensbad, Sudetenland.**—Hotel Imperial.—Exclu., world known, close to springs & baths. Seas. Apr. 15-Oct. 15. Pros. Man. Tel. 35.

**Franzensbad.**—Hotel Königsvilla.—The leading hotel. Near bath-houses and springs. Own large garden.

**Garmisch-Partenkirchen, Bavarian Alps.**—Park Hotel "Alpenhof."—Leading hotel, best cent. sit. Every com. Prospect. Propr. Hanns Kilian.

**Leipzig.**—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. hotel building. Select home of Intern. Soc. and Arist'cy.

**Munich.**—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

**Munich.**—The new Hotel Excelsior.—Near the Hauptbahnhof. First class. Modern and quietly placed. Rooms from RM. 3.50 onwards.

**Stuttgart.**—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing main station. The most up-to-date hotel in South Germany.

**Wiesbaden.**—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-class family hotel, 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mks. 9.

**Wiesbaden.**—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World rnd. Finest pos. opp. Pk. and Op. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best British Society. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

**Wiesbaden.**—Palast Hotel.—First-class hotel opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath estab. Pension from RM. 10.

**Wiesbaden.**—Hotel Rose.—World renowned. Opposite Park & Spring. Own Bath. Establ. Patr. by best Society. Pension from Mks. 12.

### GERMANY—continued

**Wiesbaden.**—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four Seasons). Select home of Society. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pen. from RM. 12.

### POLAND

**Warsaw.**—Hotel Bristol.—250 rooms. Every mod. comfort, 90 private bathrooms. Garage. Restaurant. Dancing. Cocktail-bar garden.

### SWITZERLAND

**Baden-Spa (near Zurich).**—Verenahof & Ochsen.—1st-cl. highly cul. fam. hotel. Mod. com., 100 med. (th'l) baths in htl. Mod. terms.

**Davos.**—Palace Hotel.—Summer 1939. Rooms from Frs. 6. Full board from Frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.

**Geneva.**—The Beau-Rivage.—With its open-air Restaurant. Terrace on the Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. All comfort. Rooms from Frs. 7.

**Geneva.**—Les Bergues.—1st class, splendid location, overlooking lake and mountains. Moderate terms.

**Geneva.**—Hotel de la Paix.—On Lake front. Fc. Mt. Blanc, nr. Prado and places of interest. Ly. rms. fr. S. Frs. 6. With full brd. S. Frs. 14.

**Gstaad.**—Bernhof.—Typical Swiss Hotel in Bernese Oberland. Noted for food and comfort. Golf. Tennis. Swimming. Terms from Frs. 11.

**Klosters.**—Sport Hotel Silvretta.—4,000 ft. Orch., Dancing. Pens. fr. Frs. 15. Elec. heated swimming pool. Tennis. Walking. Mountain'ng.

**Lausanne.**—Hotel Meurice on the lake, 100 beds. The best first-class hotel entirely renovated. Inclusive terms 11/-. Garage. Garden.

**Lausanne.**—Palace-Beau-Site Hotel.—Most up to date, ideally sit. Ex. cuisine. Bar-Grill Room. Orchs. Reas. rates. (Lucien A. Poltera, Dir.).

**Lausanne.**—Hotel Royal.—Sup. 1st. cl. Unr'd sit. Beaut. sunny pk. All rms. with priv. lav. accom. Ex. cooking. Inc. terms from Frs. 16.

**Lausanne.**—Victoria.—First class. Magnificent view on lake and Alps. Rooms from Frs. 5. Inclusive from Frs. 12.

**Lenzerheide.**—Grand Hotel Kurhaus.—Leading 1st-cl. hotel. Best position. Large private park. Open-air restaurant. Trns. from Frs. 13.

**Lenzerheide (Grisons).**—The Schweizerhof.—In own large park; most beautiful Alpine scenery. Ask for prospectus. F. Brenn, Propr.

**Lucerne.**—The Palace.—Leading hotel in unrivalled situation directly on lake shore. Quiet, yet central. Full pension from Frs. 15.50.

**Lugano (Southern Switzerland).**—Hotel St. Gotthard-Termins.—Fam., hot w., all mod. com. Beaut. view, ex. food, lar. grdn., gar., mod. trns.

**Montreux.**—Hotel Excelsior.—Best lake side sit. 100 r'ms all s'th with balcony. Ideal for peaceful comfort. stay. W'kly all incl. terms in £.

**Oberhofen (Lake of Thun).**—Hotel Victoria.—Leading in pos., and qual. ev'y com. P'k, B't'h'g, Sail'g, Ten., Gar. W'kly arr'gen'ts fr. Frs. 75.

**Pontresina.**—The Kronenhof.—The traditional English House.

**Pontresina.**—The Palace.—First class in every way. Own tennis courts. Garage incl. Rates from 15s.

**Spiez, B.O.**—Spiezerhof.—On lakeside; leading of district; all mod. comforts. Priv. bathing in own grounds. Booklets by Boss, prop.

**St. Moritz.**—Badrut's Palace Hotel.—Host to the elite. Season: June 15 to end of September.

**Wengen.**—Palace Hotel.—The lead'g hotel of the Jungfrau dist., offers you the most en'able summer holiday. Terms fr. Frs. 15.50. F. Borter, Pr.

**Zermatt.**—The Seiler Hotel.—The very place for a really great holiday. Pension terms from Frs. 10, 12.50 and 13 upwards.

**Zurich.**—Hotel Bellerive au Lac.—Finest situation at the entrance to Swiss National Exhib. Open-air ter. con. with rest. and bar.



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